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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ONE O'CLOCK.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

One o'clock! yes, midnight's past—
O, the night hours go so fast!
Very fast to those who sleep—
Very slow to those who weep.
Bright the street-lamp still is burning;
Some stray footsteps home are turning;
What awoke me like a knell
Coming from yon grand hotel?

'Twas the voice of mingled strife—
Angry threats 'gainst human life—
Ah, alas! that I behold
Many young and many old;
Many whom fond hearts would win,
Now astray in paths of sin—
Ah, alas! that I behold
One who seeketh only gold,
Standing calmly 'mid the throng,
Still persuading them to wrong.
Cares he for their kindred's pain?
No! Their *loss* will be his *gain*;
And the men, now filled with ire
Kindled by the "liquid fire,"
Utter sounds it were not meet
That a human tongue repeat.

To the crowd a youth draws near,
Fair his brow and blanched with fear,
While he cries, "oh, father, come,
Let me—let me lead you home!"
But a harsh, unmanly tone,
Only answers to his own,
And the boy with sunny hair,
Though faint-hearted, lingers there.

Hark! another voice is heard,
Listen to each plaintive word:
"I have sinned as ne'er before—
Offer me the wine no more!
Is it dark, or is it light?
Is it day, or is it night?
I can see nor moon, nor sun—
Oh, what evil have I done?"

Down the street, with steady tread,
Comes one not to wine-cup wed—
Touches he the street-lamp—now
All is dark—each sin-marked brow
Covered by the pall of night,
Hidden from my pitying sight.
And anon no sound is heard,
But within my heart each word
They have uttered, still is ringing,
Each its weight of anguish bringing;
And I think of sad hearts aching,
And I think of lone hearts breaking—
Breaking for the erring there,
Who have brought them to despair!

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE BELLES OF THE REVOLUTION,

A HISTORICAL TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY C. A. H., OF BOSTON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

"The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swell's the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To her, were opening Paradise."
DUGALD STEWART.

The bright beams of morning had not shot through the closed curtains of the fair girls ere the agitations of hope and pleasure had fully awakened the senses of Catharine; and she remained, unwilling to disturb her more tranquil cousin, dreaming with open eye of the coming day. Memory, too, was busy with the short and impressive scene of the night before; and the form of the elegant officer, with his low, musical voice, his singularly abstracted manner, nay, his interest in herself, which he had shown no less pointedly in the short interview alone with her, than in the more open compliment of choosing her for his "lady of beauty" at the tournament, everything connected with him was tinged with the golden hue of youthful excitement and interest. Her fancy sprang lightly from one rainbow of promise to another, till, unable longer to keep a posture of rest, she softly rose and began to dress.

"So early up, Catharine; 'tis not near day!" called Jane.

"I must *get up* and live, or stay and die!" There is your answer, from your favorite, Jane," answered Catharine, opening the shutters. "Oh! Jane, you are fast asleep, and no more capable of understanding my flights than the pillow you lie on," said Catharine, with laughing impatience; "get up, get up, and help me consider, what I shall I wear of all these pretty things that are saying 'do wear me!' Here is my pink brocade, and here is my white paduasoy, with your favorite border of oak leaves. Which will do best? Either, you will say. But how I do wish I could sport that Turkish costume! those little satin trowsers, with the green caftan and the pink boddice, and its snug lacing of gold cord—wouldn't it be beautiful, Jane? and a real Turkish turban! one of gold muslin, with a diamond buckle, and my hair plaited in long plaits and trimmed with pearls!"

"You would look wondrous fine!" said Jane, with an indifferent manner, and an attempt at a smile. "Tell me, Catharine, are you positively fixed on going to this festival?" She spoke earnestly.

"Certainly—and positively," said Catharine, with a surprised look, that showed more than words how idly had fallen on her ear all the arguments her cousin had ever used against her attendance. Jane sighed, but made no further effort to influence her; and assisting Catharine to choose and arrange her dress with as much interest as she could command, the two girls descended with smiling faces to the breakfast-room.

Judge Shippen had already risen and taken his early walk; he came in as they opened the door, and greeted them with a kind smile.

"A fine day for you, girls! I have been down to look at my workmen there, who are building your fancy bridge, Catharine. The rascals have all gone off to the city, I suppose, for not a vestige did I see of them. I heard the guns from the Fanny, distinctly, while I was out. But are you going in that dress, my dear?" inquired he of Jane, with a surprised glance at her morning robe. "You will have little time for equipment, the carriage will be at the door in fifteen minutes."

"I am not going, uncle," said Jane.

"Not going, really?" said her uncle, with an embarrassed and annoyed look. "What, Jane! such a violent patriot that you will not even gaze at such a brilliant spectacle? Bethink you, my dear, you may never again have such an opportunity! Come, Jane, reconsider it, it cannot make the slightest difference to anybody but you, and you will certainly lose a great deal."

"Dear uncle, I thank you for your kind intention in urging me to go; but you would not urge me if you knew how much happier I shall be to be left at home. I never like great shows, you know." Jane smiled, for her uncle's brow was overcast, and she was sorry to seem so plainly to condemn him.

"But you will be very lonely, my dear," said he, kindly.

"Oh, no! not at all. I wish you a merry day, Uncle!"

The carriage was waiting, and Catharine gave her a hasty kiss as she sprang in. In a few moments all about Jane was as quiet as if no "Meschianza" were in progress.

Jane thought of a great many things, as she sat in her still room; most of them were serious ones, if one might judge from her downcast eyes and absorbed expression. She began to accomplish much in the way of articles of coarse needlework, which her lady fingers flew among with all the zest of the finest embroidery. Soldiers' shirts they were, and many an hour had she stolen away by herself to work at this labor of love, but somehow she did not go on with any of them; they dropped from her hand to the floor, and remained there. She took up a book and read along time, without turning over a leaf. Apparently dissatisfied with her literary progress, she soon let fall the book, and then taking her repeater, watched it steadily for a time. It rung ten, and she put on a close bonnet, with a green silk veil, which she arranged with some care over her face; and throwing a shawl about her, walked out into the grounds. Apparently she did not wish to be recognized, if she should chance to meet any one.

From the principal avenue to the house diverged many smaller ones, and from these smaller and serpentine walks, which led in many a winding way through the extensive and beautifully-cultivated grounds.

While the principal and larger avenues, however, were carefully rolled down, and the shrubbery kept in trim order by the precise taste of the old gardener, the more remote and secluded paths were suffered to remain unmolested by the hand of art, and the taste of the young ladies was exercised in adorning and arranging the recesses into which they led. Many a winding path, almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage that, untrimmed, was suffered to fall in graceful pendance above, led to sylvan retreats, wildly beautiful enough for the haunt of muse or fairy.

In one of the most remote of these little retreats, Jane had been wont to spend a good deal of time, and it had become, in a sort, a peculiar possession of hers, so that, for the last year, she had been as secure of solitude and of freedom from interruption as if in her own room. Catharine, even, rarely came there, more especially since her hours of solitude were becoming fewer and her walks accompanied by admirers.

There was a space of about thirty or forty square feet which had been cleared, and old Thomas was allowed to keep the grass closely mown, but in nothing else to interfere with Jane's taste. A pavilion, embowered with grapes and fragrant blossoms, stood at one side of the enclosure, and in the centre of it, and fronting the pavilion, was a small marble fountain, representing the figure of a young girl with her finger on her lip, and holding a swan to her bosom. The monotonous music of the ever-playing water and the soft rustle of the trees harmonized and tranquillized all disturbed feeling; and within the pavilion, books, a guitar and writing materials, gave ample occupation to an inmate.

Into this quiet retreat, after a rapid walk of three minutes, Jane entered. She paused a moment to reconnoitre, as she emerged from the path to the open space. It was but a moment, for, sitting with his back to her, and busily employed in writing, was an officer in buff and blue uniform. He was so engaged as not to heed her light step until she touched him lightly on his shoulder. Then he sprang from his seat and folded her in a warm embrace.

"How long have you been here?" said Jane, very quietly sitting down and allowing both her hands to be held by those of the officer.

"It seems a long time—but I suppose it is not really more than half an hour; however, as I thought you might not be able to meet me, I was just writing a word to you. I can stay, now, but ten minutes, for I am bound on an expedition which does not admit delay."

"And whither now, Edward?" said Jane, with a pale face.

"I can tell you in three words, Jane—don't look so agitated. I am going to meet General Lafayette. He is now in the wood, down beyond Matson's ford. To-night he is to take post at Barron Hill, and I am the bearer of some instructions to him."

"And to-night—to-morrow!" faltered Jane.

"To-night!—aye, to-night! while our enemies are drunk with gaiety, and while our false countrymen are lending their willing voices to sound the plaudits of the oppressor—to-night, while the wine-cup is the fullest, and the festive song is out on the air, vengeance shall reach them! righteous vengeance!—their own false blood shall be their banquet wine!"

Jane shuddered as she looked on the fierce face, which had never turned on hers but with calm gentleness, or fonder love; and, patriot as she was, she shrunk with a woman's horror at the coming struggle. Huntingdon read her feelings in her expressive face.

"Such is war, my Jane! It makes us furies. But do not look so sad; these things must come—and wo be to those through whom they come Now, let me thank you again and again for your kind and generous interest in our poor soldiers—for your repeated assistance! If you could have seen their faces, you would need no words of mine to tell their gratitude! But how many and how repeatedly you sent! Jane, I fear you must have seriously incommoded yourself in this expense!"

"No, no—think nothing of it; only that I grieve it is so little. All I regret about it is the necessity of secresy. You know my uncle's timid disposition, the obligation he feels under to Major Andre personally, and his promise of strict neutrality. These tie his hands; otherwise, from his abundance, how effectual might be his assistance! But my poor mite, what can it be among so many?"

"A great deal, Jane—a great deal! It is much for the poor fellows to know that they are thought of, cared for, prayed for, by such as you—as you, my own Jane!"

He rose to go, and drew her fondly towards him. As he looked at her pallid lip, his own trembled, and with a solemnity, which would mingle with an attempt to smile, he pressed his lip to her forehead, and said, with some difficulty:

"God knows what may be the issue of the night's conflict—whatever comes, keep up heart, Jane."

"Do you remember," said Jane, suddenly; "do you know—no! you do not know—but Catharine and my uncle are at this moment in the city! If an attack is made on it, they must be exposed to all the horrors of the struggle! They will be in the very midst of it!"

"How long did they mean to stop in town?" inquired Huntingdon, with an anxiety he did not attempt to conceal.

"Till to-morrow! but to-morrow will be too late!"

Huntingdon stood for some moments in perplexed silence. At length he said:

"If I could send them a warning in the course of the day—I think I may trust Jenkins."

"What! that sly-looking man, in the broad-brim, that came for the last parcel? I fear him, Edward! There is something I don't like about him! Is there no one else you can trust?"

"Many that I could trust, Jane—but not many that I could spare; and I might add, there are not many with the skill to manage this matter well. He must go disguised, of course, and if he is familiar with the countenances of your uncle and cousin—"

"True—true!" said Jane, "he does know them, and that knowledge may be most necessary. I will not detain you another moment—but take care of yourself, Edward." She could say no more, and a moment after was alone with her sad meditations.

CHAPTER V.

"And then I clothe my naked villany
With old, odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.'
SHAKSPEARE.

Meantime, the object of these sweet and sad meditations proceeded swiftly to a distant part of the grounds, which adjoined the high road. Here, at a short way from the opening, under a tree, stood a strong black horse, whose impatient pawing showed how illy he bore his master's prolonged absence. The young man sprang into the saddle like one who feels that he has lingered away precious time, and turning his horse's head towards the wood at the right of Barron Hill, galloped away at full speed. For more than a mile he rode on without meeting a living being. Everybody had gone into the city to witness the festivities of the day. At length he turned into the deep wood and raised himself eagerly in his stirrups. Nothing was to be seen through the long vista of trees but the gray squirrel, sportively darting across the path, or the still flitting of the birds from branch to branch.

"Thank Heaven, I am in season!" murmured Huntingdon, and descrying at the moment the forms of two horsemen, he rode forward to meet them.

The elder of the two equestrians was slovenly in his equipments, heavy and awkward in his horsemanship, yet with something marked in his manner. The other, in the spring of life, had all the buoyancy of youth, and all the instructed grace of high-breeding.

Both touched their military hats as they reined in their horses, when Huntingdon rode up, but the younger, shaking his bright curls over his blue eyes, smiled graciously and extended his hand for the expected instructions. Huntingdon gave them with a respectful salutation to his rank, and a smile for the man. The French volunteer, with his enthusiasm and ardor, had long ago won the hearts that remained with him through his life and gilded his grave. Blessed Lafayette—blessed through all time be the memory of your valor, your self-sacrifice, the beautiful devotion of your soul and your actions to the cause of freedom. To see us struggling, and to come to us, were one with you! Your bright youth and strength came to us as an angel in our despair, and bore us on their wings to a better region of hope and certainty! Years after, and your toil-worn brow was crowned with roses, and your pathway strewed with them, and every step through a grateful hemisphere made redolent of the joy and happiness that sprung up at sight and thought of you!

While Lafayette perused attentively the instructions of the commander-in-chief, his companion threw his reins on his horse's neck, raised his cap, and tossing his elf-locks from his rugged brow, wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"A d—d hot day this, by Jove! A good day, though, to give those rascals a peppering in their own frying-pan!"

"May I beg you to recollect, General Lee," said the younger officer, in rapid French, and then in English, "that silence is absolutely necessary? Even these trees may have ears."

"I wish they had!" returned Lee, laughing and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "d—n me if I wouldn't pull them!" His brow contracted, and he added harshly, and with sarcastic earnestness:

"But what saith our all-wise, and always wise commander?"

Lafayette handed the paper to him, without a word, but with a curl of the lip that spoke his displeasure. It was not the first time that Lee had ventured to hint his disapprobation of Washington's movements, and the young Frenchman felt it as a personal disrespect, which he, however, could not well resent. Washington had strongly urged upon all the officers under his command the necessity of foregoing all occasions of private offence, and had himself set the example of manly forbearance.

As Lee perused the orders, his brow contracted, and his bearing changed from clownish carelessness to a vigorous alertness, of which a few moments before he had seemed incapable. His quick eye flashed with exultation as it followed the lines. At this moment the heavy sound of ordnance from the harbor shook the air about them, and the trained animals on which they were seated simultaneously reared their heads and snuffed fiercely at the well-known sounds.

"Better save your cannon-ball to hang round your own necks, ye thieving rascals!" muttered Lee, restraining the impatience of his steed, and handing the paper to his companion.

"Remember, you are to see that Jenkins has lodgings for us at the fork of the road," said Lafayette, in a low tone, and the two, touching their caps to Lieut. Huntingdon, turned their horses and rode away.

As Huntingdon took the direction to Barron Hill, he cast, every moment, a cautious glance about him. Within a mile of the place he now stood on, he knew were the outposts of the enemy; and as he ascended the eminence, he distinctly saw the British sentinels, leaning on their guns; to be seen now, might expose him to suspicion, and he turned his horse to a copse at the foot of the hill. Following a slight track through this for a few rods, he emerged into the open plain, but instantly retreating, and drawing in his horse's rein, he stopped under the shadow of a tree with the stillness of a statue.

Before him, at the distance of a few paces, was a small cottage, the door of which faced the wood-path where Huntingdon had just retreated with such stillness as scarcely to disturb a leaf. At the door of the hut stood a middle-aged man, whose dress bespoke penury as plainly as his countenance did a mild submission to the circumstances that oppressed him. His pale blue eye had but little speculation in it, and his whole expression was vapid and inane. He was listening, at the moment, to a British officer, who with difficulty reined in his steed, and was apparently bestowing some parting instructions to his attentive auditor. The horse, impatient of restraint or not well managed, pranced and curvetted continually, till the rider, hastily saying "remember," and dropping something at the feet of the man, gave a loose rein to his eager horse, and galloped towards the city.

Huntingdon now rode forward a step, and fixing a scrutinizing eye on the man, surveyed him for a minute in silence. He was met by the same inane and quiet gaze that had looked on the English officer.

"Good day, friend," said Huntingdon, at length. "May I ask who was the person who just now left you?"

"Oh! the man thee saw just now? That is Lieutenant Sloper. He is often his morning ride among the outposts, and, as usual, gave me a call."

"And what business had he with you, Jenkins?" inquired Huntingdon, with some severity in his tone. The man took off his hat, and smoothed the brim with his hard hand.

"He is at his ancient business of trying to worm intelligence out of me—but the Lord hath assisted me to baffle his iniquitous inquiries. I have been faithful to my suffering country."

"He has tempted you strongly, I see," remarked Huntingdon, carelessly glancing at the purse which Lieutenant Sloper had thrown at the feet of the man.

"Nay," answered Jenkins, without the least confusion, "a small matter—and taken, as the Lord shall witness, but to throw dust in the eyes of our enemies. My part is a difficult one, friend; make it no more so, I beseech, by the suspicion I see in your countenance; surely, it is not now for the first time you have had cause to trust me." There was something of injured feeling in the man's tone, and an uncomplaining-ness in his manner, that touched Huntingdon.

"Your part is a hard one, poor fellow! But we have trusted you too far now, if you are a scoundrel. *If*—I say—if you are a traitor, God help you, if our men get hold of you; but I will not think of it."

"No, think not so meanly of me as that. Tell me what you would have of me to-day?"

"Lodgings for six—to-night; and in that house; and such refreshments as are necessary for man and beast. Be silent, too; a word too much may derange everything."

He then unfolded enough of the plan for the coming night to make it intelligible to Jenkins, and retracing the path to the road from which he had diverged, proceeded to execute the farther orders he had received.

The man, so deeply trusted by the American army, had done them much service as a spy, under the appearance of neutrality and inoffensiveness. His broad-brimmed hat announced his peaceful tenets, which were a cover to his active exertions. Unlimited confidence was reposed in his fidelity, and the vicinity of his dwelling was the place appointed for the rendezvous of the troops intended for the attack of the night.

After the American officer had left him, this man stood for some minutes in thought. He then took from his pockets as much as his hands could hold of square, thick bits of paper, on which was printed, in coarse letters, the promise of Congress "to pay to the bearer." This depreciated currency, of which some few specimens yet remain as curiosities in our cabinets, was then all that our army had to depend on, either to pay the soldiery or to obtain the necessaries of life. Fifty dollars of it would get a bushel of corn, and a hundred would buy a night's lodging, if indeed the doubtful recompense were not altogether refused, which was frequently the case.

This paper, such as it was, the man Jenkins seemed not disposed to lose. He rolled it into a bundle and corded it strongly, and then taking out the green silk purse, which, full of golden guineas, shone brightly and sparklingly in his hand, his pale eye shone with an intelligent twinkle, and the whole bearing of the man changed from a meek endurance of evil to a full capacity of performing it. He went into the cottage and bolted the door.

CHAPTER VI.

"Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store
Circled the wide extending court below,
Above, strange groups adorned the corridor."
BYRON.

"The Meschianza," for so was the festive entertainment called which the British officers had prepared, to show their regard and respect to Sir William Howe, previous to his departure from America, was, as the name imports, composed of a variety of parts, each adapted to exhibit the taste and splendor of the conductors, and their desire to honor the object of the fete.

The British army, on taking possession of Philadelphia, had found many of the inhabitants disposed, partly from political bias and partly from interest, to welcome them kindly, and to secure their own safety by a timely adaptation to present exigencies. A great number, indeed, removed from the city, some to the vicinity of Valley Forge, where they fancied the presence of the American army insured their safety, and many to different and distant parts of the State. But many of the respectable inhabitants remained, and contributed by their hospitality to the pleasant situation of the army. And an extremely gay and pleasant winter the English army had of it. There was no crying havoc! nor letting slip dogs of that sort. It might have been partly in compliment to these friends that the festival was prepared. At all events, the young and beautiful of the city joined with the English in the entertainment, and received the homage of the gayest and gallantest of the army.

The broad sun of a warm May day shone out on the city and brightened everything. Most of the inhabitants joined in an imposing procession, and the rest were assembled in groups, and at every window that overlooked the wharf, to witness "the embarkation." The sight, to the quiet Philadelphians, was indeed imposing as well as beautiful. Three galleys, splendidly adorned with drapery of scarlet and gold, and with banners flying to the wind, crowded by ladies in full dress, floated gracefully by. Preceded, and accompanied by flat-boats, filled with bands of music, and followed by innumerable barges in the gayest trim, and full of the gayest occupants, the regatta held steadily on its way, from Knight's wharf, in a broad and graceful sweep, to the fort, about the distance of a mile, which was the appointed place for their debarkation. The chronicles of the day are particular and eloquent on the subject.

Among the crowd assembled on the wharf, and joining heartily in the loud "hurrahs" that rung out momentarily from the lookers at the beautiful pageant, was a tall scion of Africa. His head was thrown back at an angle of forty-five degrees with his body, and his eyes glistening with intense exultation. He gazed at the scene before him as if it had been his own handy-work; and it was with a patronizing air that he turned to his companion, saying with smiling superciliousness:

"You see, John, our boat rather smartest on 'em all! Wonder if Miss Catharine see me stanin' here?"

"Most likely she's a looking after you! I reckon she haint got nothin' better to look at," replied the other, with dry contempt.

"She might see me plain enough, John. Why you no bring Miss Jane in when you come?"

"How would you have me bring her? On my back, you white rose?"

"Oh, you might a took a phaeton—you come on a hos youself, I spose," replied Julius Cæsar, with some petulance.

"Yes, I come a horseback, sure: but 'twas to bring a bundle. My Miss Jane don't take to these rejoicings no more'n I do myself. I intend to stay now, though, and see it through—but it's a darned fuss about nothing, and that's the truth."

"The truth," he uttered, however, in a low voice, and then taking a tin box from his pocket, and abstracting a large part of its contents, he betook himself to his private reflections. These were soon broken in upon, however, by the admiration of his sable companion, who seemed transported with ecstasy.

"Don't stand there, rolling your goggles over and over, like a toad in a ditch! Gosh! that are craft does look neat! she clips her along slick *as* grease, anyhow."

"Oh ho!" said the triumphant Cæsar, "I think you see someting now! Hark! you hear a salute?"

"What do you think my ears are made on, you kicking snow-ball?" exclaimed John, carelessly. "I expect I can hear a noise—I aint deaf. But I can't say as I hear anything pertikelar in this one."

"What! you no see the Fanny! and the Roebuck! you no see fine colors streaming! full of soldiers! music playing! oh, fine! fine!" cried the African, keeping time with hands and feet to the thrilling trumpet in the distance.

"Oh, fine—fine!" echoed the other, contemptuously, "I guess I've heard finer, many's the good time, down to old Plymouth, and never thought o' kicking time to it neither. I'll go along, though; come, foller on! We'll see if we can find out where all these ere fools are goin' to!"

The crowd, which was already following the direction of the regatta, in tumultuous admiration, soon arrived at the old fort, and in season to witness the debarkation amidst shouts, hurras, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the roaring of cannon from the armed vessels, which, gallantly decorated, and with their flags hoisted at the fore top-mast head, lay at a short distance from the shore.

As the gay company debarked, they formed into a procession, advancing through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, supported on each side by a line of light horse, and preceded by the band, playing "God save the King!" This avenue led to a square of a hundred and fifty yards, each side lined with troops, their gay equipments and drawn sabres glittering in the already slant sunlight.

Two pavilions, on a gentle ascent beyond this open square, were arranged for the reception of the guests, and the view of the tournament. The lists being the open square we have mentioned. These pavilions were splendidly decorated with curtains of green and gold, adorned with wreaths of laurel, and surmounted by the crest of Sir William Howe.

On one of the pavilions was emblazoned the device of a "burning mountain," and on the other that of a "blended rose:" these two devices having been determined on by the valiant knights who were to be the actors in the tournament. In the front of each of these pavilions, under canopies of crimson velvet, stood seven of Philadelphia's fairest daughters, holding on their left arms the triumphal crowns which were to be the reward of the victorious knights. The simple coronet of wild flowers was a pleasant contrast to the heavy magnificence of everything else, even the costumes of the fair bestowers of the crowns. These were of a Turkish fashion, as rich and tasteful as gauze, satin and jewelry could make them.

Beyond the pavilions, and rising in the form of an amphitheatre, so as conveniently to overlook the field, were the crowd of bright eyes and gallant smiles assembled to enjoy and reward the scene. In the centre sat Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton and the ladies of his family, and near them the officers of their suite, in all the gorgeous attire of the military full dress of the day. A tasteful canopy extended over their heads, with the arms of England emblazoned on it, and sweeping the ground with heavy gold fringe.

A little on the right of this group, and leaning on the arm of the gallant general of the Hessians, Knyphausen, stood Catharine Shippen, her slight figure heightened by her high-heeled slippers, and her face radiant with bloom and excitement. The easy grace of a modern belle would hardly tolerate the formal magnificence in the costume of the revolution, and perhaps there might be little in it to satisfy a correct taste. Yet there were points about it favorable to almost every face and figure. Catharine Shippen, who was almost petite in size, derived a decided advantage from the full flowing robe, the high-heeled slipper, and the towering head-dress which at that time was the mode. The short sleeve, with its rich fall of Dresden lace, set off the round ivory of her arm, and her necklace of sapphires added brilliancy to her sparkling blue eyes. Her hair rolled back over a towering cushion in all the glory of powder, and ostrich plumes added to her apparent height. Altogether, Catharine was very lovely; not the less so, perhaps, for a consciousness that many eyes were directed to the point where she stood, and that she was the object of a murmur of admiration from more than one quarter.

"Oh! this is enchanting! The coup d'œil is far more brilliant than I could have imagined!" said Catharine, delightedly, as she gazed round on the galleries, alive with eager faces, and at the crowd beyond, its lively excitement contrasting with the martial immobility of the troops.

"Very good—very good;" said the old general, looking, however, much more occupied with his fair companion than at the scene she was admiring.

At the moment he replied to her exclamations of delight, the file of grenadiers suddenly opened, and fifty trumpets sent out their blare. A short silence succeeded, and the sound was repeated; a third time, and then a band of seven knights, arrayed in habits of crimson silk, slashed and embroidered with white, and mounted on stately white chargers, caparisoned with the same colors, rode slowly into the lists. Seven squires, like their masters, gaily apparelled, followed on foot, each bearing the lance and shield of his master.

The trumpeters lowered their horns, gaily decorated with small pennant banners, and passing beneath the galleries, took their places at the head of the lists. The herald, who followed them, and who took his place in front, was clad in robes of ceremony, with two roses intertwined, embroidered on his band, and the motto "We droop when separated."

The tallest of the white knights was superbly mounted, and wore a visor of braided steel, which concealed his face, without inconvenience to himself, but the skill and grace with which he managed the fiery animal he bestrode was conspicuous even among the small number who had been selected for their skill in horsemanship.

Perhaps man never appears so truly the lord of this lower world as when well-seated on a high-spirited horse. The earth does not respond to his step of pride, and has no sympathy with his keenest emotions; but the noble and half-reasoning animal he bestrides shares in his prowess and enjoys his triumphs; and while his slightest touch upon the rein controls him in the movement of his power, or stays him in the pride of his strength, he may be forgiven if, for a moment, he forgets that he is made of clay, or that aught is beyond the reach of his feeble arm. The thought of conquering the world might well have sprung to existence when Alexander, with his youthful arm, subdued the untamed Bucephalus.

The band of white knights now rode slowly round the lists, lifting their morions as they passed the galleries, and lowering them till the long white plumes swept the ground; then ranging themselves in a line, they fronted the pavilion which was distinguished by their own device of the two roses, and stood motionless.

Their herald now advanced to the centre of the square, and, preceded by a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed in a loud voice the following challenge:

"The Knights of the Blended Rose, by me, their herald, proclaim and assert that the ladies of the Blended Rose excel in wit, beauty and all other accomplishments, those of the whole world; and that, should any knight or knights be so hardy as to dispute or deny it, they hold themselves ready to enter the lists with them, and maintain their assertion by deeds of arms, according to the laws of chivalry."

At the third repetition of this challenge, a sound of trumpets was heard from the opposite side of the square, not a wing below the first flourish in fierceness; and now another herald, preceded by trumpeters, dressed in black velvet, and with orange sashes, galloped into the lists. The black herald proclaimed defiance in the following words:

"The Knights of the Burning Mountain present themselves here, not to contest by words, but to disprove by deeds, the vain-glorious assertions of the Knights of the Blended Rose; and enter these lists to maintain that the ladies of the Burning Mountain are not excelled in beauty, wit and all other accomplishments by any in the universe."

Having uttered this defiance, the herald retired; and immediately the seven Knights of the Burning Mountain, with a costume as flaming as orange and black could induce, galloped in, passed round the list in the same manner as the white knights, and stationed themselves opposite the pavilion ornamented with their own device.

And now began the combat. The chief of the white knights threw his gauntlet to the ground, which was taken up in silence by the squire of the chief of the black knights. Receiving their lances from their attendants, the white knights fixed their shields on their left arms, and by a graceful movement saluted their opponents as they rode to the farthest point in the lists. Then was a pause, and then the trumpets sounded long and lively. The two bands started at the same moment, encountered at full gallop, shivering their spears as they clashed, like broken icicles; then reining their horses back on their haunches, the next moment retreated to opposite sides of the lists.

The trumpets again sounded, and the combatants having thrown aside the remnants of their spears, received swords from their attendants, and again darted forward, attacking each other with fierceness and skill. Now the white knights prevailed, and the triumphant bugles poured out their thrilling notes, and shouts of "the Roses! hurra for the Blended Roses!" And now "the Black Knights have it!" was enthusiastically echoed, as one or the other fell back before the fierce thrust of his antagonist.

"This is quite frightful!" said Catharine. "One might almost persuade one's self they were really in earnest!" As she spoke, she watched with an intense interest, for which she could not herself account, every movement of the white knight. From the first, her heart had leapt at every presage of success for him, and sunk at every contrary intimation. The proud grace with which he managed his weapon and restrained his high-mettled steed drew loud applause from the multitude, and the struggle, which ended in the black knight's rolling one after another in the dust, seemed only to give new vigor to his arm and new firmness to his seat.

The contest was terminated by the announcement of the Marshal of the field "that the ladies of the Blended Rose and of the Burning Mountain, being satisfied with the signal proofs of love and the feats of valor given by their respective knights, commanded them, as they valued their favor, instantly to desist from further combat!"

At the moment when this most unwelcome command was given, the black and white chiefs were engaged in the closest strife. The rest of the black knights were either worsted or had silently retreated from the field, and the victorious band who remained did not interfere with the combat of the principal warriors, but stood with reined-in steeds, in silent interest.

It was no part of the plan of the day to promote or create hostile and unkind feeling; and as soon as a decision was likely to take place involving the pride or vanity of some of the bravest officers in the army, it was thought best to terminate the strife. The two chiefs, slowly and with apparent reluctance, obeyed the commands of the marshal, and then arranging their respective bands, passed at the lower end of the quadrangle, and moving up on opposite sides till they approached their respective pavilions, they paused, dismounted, and received, amidst the sound of trumpets and the delighted hurras of the crowd, the wreaths of wild flowers, which were the reward of their valor.

The chief of the white knights, who had not removed his vizor, but had received his coronet on the point of his sword, with a low reverence, while the others, with uncovered heads, wore the wreaths over their glowing brows, now signified in a few words to the hostile chief his wish to continue their single combat till one or the other should triumph.

Lord Cathcart, who figured as the black chief, and whose amiable character was well understood to be entirely averse to any proceeding that could essentially mar the pleasure of the day, acceded smilingly to the request, and made known his wish to the chief Marshal.

The Marshal of the field, directing the lists to be cleared, announced that the two brave knights of "the Burning Mountain and the Blended Rose" would attack each other in single and honorable combat, in honor of their respective ladies."

The herald then advanced and called on the two knights to name the ladies in whose honor they fought. For an instant there was a pause, and on the part of the white knight an embarrassing one. As he had been the first to propose the encounter, it belonged to him first to name the lady whom he was to uphold as his "Queen of Beauty;" but, apparently, he was unprovided with a name. He hesitated, and finally bowed to Lord Cathcart in token that he waived his right of precedence. Lord Cathcart then, without hesitation, gave the name of "Lady Emily Scott," at the same time bowing profoundly to the canopy occupied by Sir Wm. Howe and his party. The name was proclaimed by the herald, and the eyes of the multitude simultaneously directed to the part of the gallery identified by the homage of the black knight.

A fine showy-looking woman, who was seated by Lord Howe, acknowledged the honor by a gracious bow, seemingly not at all disconcerted by the publicity of the situation, and Catharine, as she looked at her, could not but rejoice, again and again, that she had not herself been tempted for a moment to such a giddy distinction.

The multitude were hushed, and the herald now, instructed by the white knight, gave as his Lady of Beauty, "*The Lady of the Orange Blossoms.*"

So mysterious an announcement caused a universal movement of curiosity and surprise. The eyes of the multitude wandered in vain in quest of the lady so designated. Catharine gazed about the amphitheatre with an undefinable sensation of surprise and mortification which she would not have allowed, even to herself, she could feel. Somehow or other, she had all along connected the white knight's successes with herself, partly in virtue of her intense sympathy with them, and though she scarcely guessed who it could be that chose thus to win laurels incognito, she did not feel quite easy to look at "the queen" whom his admiration thus publicly, though covertly, pointed out.

"They seem to be looking this way now," said Catharine's companion, while a significant smile lighted up his hearty-looking face. "Can you guess anybody in our vicinity who deserves a designation so fanciful?"

"No, indeed!" answered Catharine, hastily; but in a moment the traitor blood rushed over cheek and brow, for she remembered that a bouquet of orange blossoms rested on her own bosom, and became conscious that the eyes of many hundreds were turned upon her.

"Can it be me?" she thought; "but then who can he be?" and unable to support the surprise and most embarrassing pleasure of her distinction, she, like a child, turned her face away from the lists and covered it with her hands.

Her companion understood her feelings, and stooped in such a manner as to screen her from public view, and give her time to recover herself. This she did not fully do until roused by the shouts of the multitude, and the cry "long live the brave Knight of the Roses!" and then hastily leaning over the balustrade, she perceived Lord Cathcart on the ground, his helmet rolling in the dust, his sword broken, and his horse wildly rushing to the barriers. The white knight stood over him, his sword pointed at his breast. In a moment more the black knight was on his feet, smiling, and acknowledging that he was indebted to his rival for his life, and joining heartily in the plaudits that greeted the conqueror.

The white knight, remounting his horse, now rode round the lists, saluting as he passed the balcony where Sir William Howe and the ladies of his party were seated, and then reining in his horse, slowly proceeded to the right of the balcony, then dismounted and ascended the steps, till he reached the platform in front of that part of the gallery where Catharine and her party stood.

Here he paused and knelt, while the herald proclaimed that "*the Lady of the Orange Blossoms*" was proved, by deeds of knightly valor, in single and honorable combat, to be the Queen of Beauty, and that she should forthwith crown the knight who had fought for her name and in her cause, according to the usage of ancient chivalry."

By this time Catharine had in some degree recovered her self-possession, and with much grace and quickness, she separated the bouquet, twined it into a wreath, and dropped it on the uncovered brow of the knight. With a movement of one hand, he took the vizor from his face, and then gallantly pressing the fair fingers to his lips, which had formed and awarded him so beautiful a trophy, he rose from his knee and joined their party.

Catharine was not surprised, though she might be forgiven if her heart thrilled at recognizing in the kneeling knight the noble and commanding features of Major Andre; and so far as sensibility could add to her charming countenance, Catharine, though agitated and blushing, looked, as she took his arm, more lovely to him than she had ever done. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAS IT NOT DESTINY?

A STORY OF LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY J. BUNTING.

[CONTINUED]

Spring came and went. Summer came and deepened into harvest. The fields were all brown and shimmering in the heat, and everything was full of life.

I had been so extremely unfashionable, notwithstanding that nobody was in town, to go to Philadelphia for a week to see an invalid uncle. During the time I was there I found the greatest difficulty in passing the time. It was too warm to walk much, but, nevertheless, I had to try it, and by staying in the public parks I managed to keep tolerably comfortable.

One afternoon I sat thus under the thick boughs later than usual, watching the children with their jumping ropes, and feeling very tender and melancholy. The sun had got so low that it was throwing its long golden tresses under the lowest branches of the trees, and in its rich glare the swarms of minute insects were clustering to bid adieu to their life of a day, with a joyous revel.

Finding it growing late, I concluded to turn homewards. Just as I neared the gate, a lady, closely veiled, met me and passed on; and immediately behind her, when she had passed, I saw a scrap of crumpled paper lying on the gravel walk. I picked it up with the intention of hastening after the lady, who, it was evident, had dropped it, when the signature to the note, (which was not folded), suddenly caught my eye, and I saw that it was Eugene Landor! and in the impulse of the moment I read the following words:

"Florence! I command you meet me back of the fountain, in the square, late this afternoon. Refuse me this, and it is the last favor I shall ever ask from you. EUGENE LANDER."

If I had not been in love with Landor, I might have acted more honorably; but as it was, hurried on by the violence of my emotions, I waited not a moment for meditating on the foolishness as well as the criminality of my conduct. I had not then learned what I have long since acknowledged to be true, that it is never safe to act under the influence of passion. I immediately followed the retreating form of the lady, and by the time she had reached the back of the fountain, I had taken a

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.
PHILADELPHIA:
Wednesday Morning, January 8, 1862

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.

The subject is discussed of carrying a line of telegraphic wire along our Southern coast from fort to fort, so as to give instant military communication from point to point, and from all points to Washington. The wants and successes of our military and naval expeditions could be thus at once ascertained. The entire line of cable requisite would be about eleven hundred miles from Washington to Ship Island, or say a thousand miles from Fortress Monroe. The cable used ought to be such as would cost about five hundred dollars per mile, or five hundred thousand dollars for the entire cable. Even if it cost as much more to lay it, which it would not, there is no question that it would be the cheapest and best spent million of the war, in a military point of view.

The only regret that we have is that arrangements have not been made by the Government long since for the construction of the cable, and the laying of it down within the shortest possible time, as a military necessity of our position. It would save in a year more than the entire cost, and in case of a threatened attack at any one point, might save lives and arms and supplies and the possession of forts to the amount of many millions. Had this line been in operation a year ago, in the hands of faithful officers, it might have saved almost a hundred millions, if not the outbreak of the conspiracy.

In case of a war with England or any great naval power, there is literally no computing the value of such a mode of instantaneous communication in the hands of the Government. A fleet might attack Fort Pickens. The number of its ships, the length of range and number of guns employed would be known and could be instantaneously communicated and prepared against by every other fort along the coast, and ten days before such a fleet could reach New York. The direction in which every ship sailed and its passage of certain points once ascertained, any of our smallest steamers could convey the news to the nearest station, and the Government put on its guard. Our own fleets could be collected in a much shorter space of time and moved to important points. Pirates and hostile ships and fleets would be unable to escape, where now they can do so with the utmost ease.

General McClellan, we see, highly approves of the proposition to have such a cable constructed and laid, and the only thing we cannot discover is, why there should be any hesitation on the subject. If there is, however, there is no doubt that a proper committee of Congress would report favorably on the subject. In fact, with the least loss of time and the least publicity, whatever suitable telegraphic cable can be secured should be. In our present relations with England, we could hardly depend upon making any contract there for such an article, nor ought we to be dependent on any foreign nation for a supply of such a prime necessity of war as this will soon be recognized as being. The day will come when every home fleet, at least, will be in telegraphic communication with the shore, nor will a storm rage, or any engagement threaten anywhere along the coast, but what its coming will be anticipated at other points, and ships be warned of dangers, or sail with propitious omens founded on better prognostics than those of the ancient auguries. We must have the means, then, of constructing the best cable within ourselves, and a Government establishment, under the most able and experienced constructors, should be at once employed, either by contract or at Government expense, where coal and iron are cheap, to construct the machinery capable of producing all the different sorts and sizes of the best instruments and cables, ready at all times to be laid and taken up, as military prudence may dictate, without publicity and without delay. England has a telegraphic line all round her coast, and Paris is thus connected even with Algiers.

THE CONDITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

If ever any people were visited with retribution for their follies and their crimes, the people of South Carolina are now experiencing the effects of their desire to destroy free government for the sake of extending slavery. Letters from Port Royal give a very melancholy account of the condition of affairs throughout the State. Beaufort district is almost wholly deserted by the whites, and sixteen thousand slaves are left masterless, to roam about and do as they please. These slaves come over to the Union lines, give valuable information to our Generals, and ask to take up arms against their masters. The poor whites refuse to fight, and the lords of the soil have fled in terror, burning down their houses and destroying their property for fear of it falling into the hands of the Union troops. There is a scarcity of food, and the poor slaves have been only half fed and clothed. They are ready to do anything for the Union soldiers, which enables them to find support for themselves. The valiant cavalry, a year ago, felt indignant and insulted at the sight of the national emblem over Sumter, now see it in every direction that they turn their eyes, waving over the fairest and richest portion of their State, and penetrating all their rivers and harbors. They do not even wait to see its colors, but run at the first appearance of the Government troops. With the terrible fright which has seized upon them, the scarcity which exists of the necessaries of life, and the vast destruction of property from fire, either voluntary or accidental, and their chief city nearly destroyed, their condition is certainly anything but like the flattering pictures of prosperity which their newspapers used to draw as the certain result of their treason and political separation.

REFORM NEEDED.—General Ord states that in the recent fight at Drainesville, the Government soldiers were without ambulances, and that the wounded had to be carried ten or twelve miles on stretchers, although the ambulances had been provided for these very regiments, and were stored up inaccessibly at Washington. Another fact which has not previously been publicly stated, speaks still more strongly. After the battle of Ball's Bluff, Miss Dix, with some ambulances in her charge, was on the spot six hours in advance of those furnished by the Government. It is well known that on that occasion some of the wounded remained without medical attendance for twenty-four hours. It is idle to disguise the fact that reform is needed in the Medical department of the army. A bill for this purpose is now before Congress which, while this and many other matters of incalculable importance are before it, abandons its duties and goes off for pleasure. Certainly the reflections which that body has undertaken to cast upon our Generals for inefficiency according to their views of what constitutes efficiency, comes with a bad grace from a Congress capable of such a dereliction.

THE UNION PRISONERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Some weeks ago the transport steamer Union, Captain John Garvin, of this city, was wrecked on the North Carolina coast, and all the officers and crew made prisoners. Letters from Captain Garvin represent the prisoners as now being in a state of destitution and lacking clothing, having been removed to Salisbury, N. C. It is proposed to raise a suitable amount of clothing and other comforts for these men in this city, where most of them have their residence. The Hon. W. D. Kelley has corresponded with Secretary Cameron in relation to the best mode of sending them, and in reply is informed that packages addressed to Gen. J. E. Wool, commanding officer at Fortress Monroe, will be sent forward to their destination under a flag of truce. Mrs. Garvin is now endeavoring to get a sufficient supply of clothing to send to the sufferers.

MANUFACTURE OF SALTPETRE.—As, under existing circumstances, in view of the prohibition of the export of saltpetre by Great Britain, the manufacture of saltpetre from nitrate of soda may have to be resorted to, we have thought it of interest to publish a process lately proposed by M. Bolley, of Paris, differing from the usual one. He treats nitrate of soda with muriate of baryta, which can now be manufactured very cheaply, and then acts on the nitrate of baryta thus obtained, with sulphate of potash, and obtains a precipitate of sulphate of baryta, now used for painting, under the name of "fixed white," and saltpetre crystallizes out of the solution; rather more saltpetre is obtained than the quantity of nitrate of soda employed. Whether or not this process will be found profitably practicable, we leave to those engaged in the business.

A SILLY BOASTER.—Commander Williams, who was Mail Agent on board the Trent when Mason and Slidell were taken from her, is being feasted in England as if he had done some honorable deed, instead of going home and giving a false representation of the facts. At every feast he diversifies his story and stuffs John Bull with inventions which only the latter's gullibility could take down. How different is the conduct of this vain braggart Williams, as represented by himself, to the simple and truthful course of Lieutenant Fairfax, of the San Jacinto. The difference arises from the fact that Fairfax is a gentleman, addressing his Government, and Williams is a low-bred bully, talking to an English mob as boastful and ignorant as himself.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION ELEVEN YEARS AGO.—Among the documents obtained at Beaufort was a copy of the proceedings of a Southern Rights Association of St. Helena Parish, which was formed to resist "aggression of the Federal Government." The association was formed in 1850, and among the resolutions is one recommending the early withdrawal of the State from the Union, and proposing separate State secession as the best means of securing that end. A difference of opinion seems to have existed in reference to separate State action, for a number of the members resigned on the passage of this resolution. They were for maintaining their interests in the Union, or a concert of action by the States for a separate confederacy!

OUR PRESENT WAR POLICY.

Our present war policy has been based upon the supposition that peace would not be disturbed with England and France. So long as this is not infringed, we, by regaining the seaboard, prevent cotton going out or arms and supplies coming in. But it may well be doubted whether any of the establishments, that at Hatteras, at Hilton Head, at Mississippi City, or any, in fact, except Pickens or Key West, could withstand such a bombardment as a combined English and French fleet could bring to bear against it; especially if able to land an army. They might not effect this so easily as we did when we took these points, but without the command of the sea we could not hold them for any long period. Our finest arms and our best men would soon be sacrificed. We ought to capture Southern cities before the possibility of interruption occurs, not for the sake of destroying them, nor even of levying contributions, as the English did in China, but to hold them as pledges or material guarantees that the capitol and inhabitants should not side with and assist a foreign foe, as they otherwise infallibly would.

Property is the best guarantee for the conduct of the owners of it. The less, therefore, it is disturbed and the more it lies under our hands without being destroyed or confiscated by wholesale, the more readily will this rebellion be quelled. The wholesale confiscation of property would be one of the most certain means of making every property holder desperate and destroy it himself, as now in South Carolina. Any wanton destruction of it on our side would have the same effect. The negroes, alas, will be too apt to do enough of this work to satisfy the most cruel enemy.

There is one grand exception to this, and that is the confiscation of "contrabands," or negroes whose masters are in arms against the Government, and the reason why this is an exception is manifest. If we were to seize Savannah and confiscate every rebel dwelling, it would afford only a motive to continue the war, in hopes that our forces being worn out, these houses and lands might be recovered. But each slave once set free has got two hands equal to his master, and the task of recovering any number of such would be perfectly hopeless. We thus at once make four millions of friends, who know the country and can bring underground information, who as scouts and spies would keep us fully posted, where, without them, we are without information or friends in a hostile and unknown land. We also deprive this war (which was begun only to advance most unconstitutionally the interests of slaveholding) of any object, and the only supporters of the war of their entire means.

This will also cause Lord Palmerston to fight a war if against us, in favor of slavery, and against the most settled convictions of the whole British nation. The justice and policy of drawing a strict line between slaves and all other property of rebels will then be very manifest to all the world, inasmuch as it will at once punish enemies, remove the causes of war, and reward those who can and will become a nation of friends most valuable in this emergency, and able to seize and to *hold* two thousand millions of the property of the enemy, and without destroying it, convert it to good use, and defend it to the last extremity—this property being in themselves.

In fact, this is what the war must come to if England and France mean at any time to join in, because it will be the most decisive, with the least injurious disturbance of rights and interests. As there are only three hundred thousand slaveholders in the United States, they alone will be injured by this arrangement, and they deserve it. The rest, when they find their property not molested, will feel no motive for continuing the war, especially if the negroes are not permitted to run wild or desolate the country, but set to work and paid for it, so as to be prepared for liberty by degrees, and with the knowledge that there is an army of five hundred thousand men ready to check any of their ignorant outbreaks, or the tendency to abuse liberty by idleness and crime, so common in all who recently acquire it.

ALISON ON WAR WITH AMERICA

In the last volume of Alison's History of Europe, reprinted in this country in 1844, he regards hostilities between England and this country, as not only probable but almost inevitable, and therefore offers such lessons for the future as may best prevent disaster to the arms of Great Britain. He says that our Democratic form of government is weakness at the outset but strength at the end, and that, therefore, "in a contest with America, more than any other power, it is of the highest importance to strike hard and successfully in the outset." England will give the most serious blows at the beginning or have the means of doing so, but success will come to be more nearly balanced at the end and in fact everything will depend on the energy and skill with which the strokes are at first delivered by England, which, he regards it as certain, will assume the offensive. A squadron of ships-of-the-line, with ten to fifteen thousand troops, could, he thinks, with steamers, destroy the whole naval establishment of the United States in a single campaign.

There is every reason to suppose that, if the British press can drive the Government into a war, as it is trying hard to do, at the present time, by its intemperate and brutal assaults on our Government and people, something like this would be the policy of England, one which, therefore, it will become us to be well prepared against. It is the first brush that would be the most terrible on us, and the last on England. Her aim would be to paralyze our strength at the outset, and with the enormous fleets now afloat, and almost on our shores, it certainly becomes us to erect such fortifications as may defend our chief cities from attack or even panic.

True, even Mr. Alison proposed, twenty years ago, that all attacks should be on *public* property alone or merchandise *afloat*, and condemns the plan of threatening an unarmed city with destruction, if it does not redeem itself. But we should rather not rely on any such forbearance from any foe. A nation or a city are only safe and free when they depend upon the strength of their own arms and forts to deliver them from attack. With six hundred thousand men in the field, it would be a long time before England could seriously invade us, even if united with France, by her armies, but her fleets would give her the same command of the sea which we now possess, and by carrying in arms to Southern ports, she might feed the fury of the rebel armies, and add incalculably to their power for mischief. On the other hand, our fleets of privateers would sweep off England's commerce utterly, and few, indeed, would be the bales of cotton from the South, or the bushels of wheat from the Black Sea, that would reach an English port. Our vessels would all have to be turned into privateers, or lie in harbor till a suitable fleet could be built to protect them, or until they themselves were fitted out as gunboats. We trust that better counsel will prevail in England in favor of peace, now that our Government has acceded to her demand, but we must not rely upon any nation's magnanimity for our safety; our own strength must be our protection.

SELF-SEALING STAMPED NEWSPAPER WRAPPERS.—This new article of stationery has lately been placed on sale at all principal Post-offices, by the Government. The wrappers are formed of oblong-square sheets of wrapping-paper, rummed across one end, stamped with a cent stamp and folded and put up in packages like letter envelopes. Newspapers, pictorials, pamphlets, magazines, handbills, circulars, engravings, pictures, photographs, music-sheets, tracts, maps, drawings, envelopes, wrappers and nearly all kinds of mailable matter, in packages or rolled, may be conveniently enclosed in these wrappers. Their sale stamped at all Post-offices, and unstamped by the general trade everywhere, the same as envelopes, will very largely increase the amount of all transient printed matter despatched by mail, and thereby add a very considerable sum annually to the receipts of the Post-office Department. This general introduction of the wrappers will also be of advantage to newspaper proprietors by increasing the sale of newspapers to enclose to friends by mail. Nothing could be more convenient to enclose newspapers and pictorials to friends in the army.

CLAMOROUS FOR AN ADVANCE.—The Nashville Banner denounces the inactivity of Gen. Johnston in Tennessee, and demands loudly that he should advance against General Buell, who is doing all that the condition of the roads will permit to get within striking distance of Johnston. The reasons given for the advance are that the rebels will be demoralized by going into winter quarters and that delay only strengthens the Government troops. General Johnston, however, seems to think otherwise, and will not budge a step. He means to wait for an assault upon his forces, and from the appearance of things in Kentucky he will not have to wait many weeks.

THE BAYONET AND THE PRESS.—The soldiers who have located themselves at Port Royal, South Carolina, already feel the want of a newspaper. Preparations are being made to gratify this want, and the types are being purchased in Philadelphia for the establishment of a newspaper at Port Royal. As the Charleston Courier and Mercury have recently been burned out, and the newspapers of Savannah come out only occasionally for want of paper, the citizens of both places will stand a chance of being better supplied with their news from the Union camp. They will find it more reliable than that published by their own press.

COTTON FROM PERU.—The British steamer Callao, at Panama, from Valparaiso, brought up a large quantity of cotton from Peru—consigned to England—with the announcement that a much larger amount is going round Cape Horn. This cotton is said to be of superior quality and no efforts to raise a very large crop on the Peruvian coast, the ensuing year, will be spared. The present price of cotton is bringing it forward from a number of places not usually distinguished as sources of supply of this article.

GEN. BUTLER'S EXPEDITION is destined for Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi.

THE STRIPED BUNTING AGAIN.

The tone of the London Times grows more and more bitter towards the United States. The editor, like a common scold, lashes himself into a rage by the strokes of his own pen, and pours out contemptuous and contemptible language upon everything American. There is no magnanimity in the indiscriminate abuse. Even our poor little navy is abused in the most lubberly style, and scorn fairly curls the lip when so insignificant a subject is referred to. We are taunted with the fact that the Sumter is still at large in spite of our navy; that our blockade is no blockade at all; that the Harvey Birch has been burned in the British channel; and are told how ineffably "cheap" England holds our whole naval establishment. This is all doubtless very true, but if the rulers of England follow the insensate course recommended by the Times, and force war upon our hands, it is quite likely that they will have no reason, at the end of it, to complain of the small size of our navy. Indeed, if our Government is wise, it will exert itself to the utmost to remove this cause of complaint as speedily as possible. If we were more upon an equality with England in this respect, peace would be more certain. We are not disposed, however, to take the Times for a prophet in this matter. It is very much inclined to allow its feelings to influence its predictions. It is within the remembrance of some of the sexagenarians amongst us, that the "Times" on the eve of the war of 1812, spoke equally contemptuously of the American Navy, and predicted that the bit of "striped bunting" floating at our mastheads would be swept from the seas. Yet at the end of the war it still floated and more proudly than ever, for its haughty foe had been taught by bitter experience to respect it. There is a vitality in a resolute people which cannot be easily destroyed, no matter what pressure there is upon its life. A hardy, self-reliant, free nation, full of commercial enterprise, and devoted to industry, cannot be driven from the seas without a struggle that will leave a record of blood to mark its history.

THE HOME OF THE BLACKS.

The President's suggestions touching the disposition of slaves who may be emancipated by the existing rebellion, present a matter of vast importance. It is estimated that there are some fourteen millions persons of African descent on this continent. In the United States they number 4,500,000; Brazil, 4,150,000; Cuba, 1,500,000; South and Central American Republics, 1,300,000; Hayti, 2,000,000; British possessions, 800,000; French, 250,000; Dutch, Danish and Mexican, 200,000. Would it be wise, or will it even consist with the celebrated Monroe doctrine, to contribute to the permanent location and augmentation in numbers or wealth of this already large peculiar population in the new world? Can these people exist anywhere in the regions named as true men, unoppressed by the prejudice and the legislation of whites? Will not the rapid growth and spread of the latter soon overtake and overshadow them—perhaps at the cost of a protracted and deadly strife? Would not their colonization on this continent involve an immense expenditure for the purchase of territory, their transportation, their subsistence for a season, their control, their tuition, and a standing army for their protection?

Much of this outlay, and nearly all of the evils alluded to will be avoided by the direct settlement of such persons in the land of their ancestors. In Liberia there is a government already established, schools and churches are flourishing, and ready to extend their privileges and advantages to all who may come there. Several hundred thousand natives are under its ameliorating influence; and nearly five thousand recaptured slaves were landed there in the course of nine successive months of the years 1860-61, by the orders of the President, under laws passed by Congress. The great bulk of these heathen Africans were sent to industrial and farming schools, where they learn Christian truth, and are brought up in a manner to ensure the greatest development of their physical and moral faculties.

It has a sea coast frontage of six hundred miles, and may be extended inland indefinitely. The soil is rich and produces the chief staples of commerce, and the country is highly salubrious, well watered and capable of receiving and supporting a dense population. Humanity and patriotism would universally rejoice at the elevation of Africa and her children. There would arise a nation not only speaking our language eventually, but taking rank among them. The European have no stronger reasons for flocking to this country than colored men have for settling in Liberia. Their hardships in their native land, and their prospects in this, form no weighter arguments for removal. Let our citizens and those in authority afford the people of color in this country all needful aid and encouragement in their emigration to the young African Republic.

WAR PREPARATIONS.

A London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, speculating upon the probability of peace or war, says:—

"The conviction forces itself upon many that the day is not far distant when the Southern Confederation must be recognized; and tacit recognition may be expected to drag about fresh difficulties in which we must be prepared to maintain our policy. It is with this view, and as a demonstration of power, that the Government are sending out ten thousand men to Canada without any reference to the reply of the American Cabinet. If Messrs Mason and Slidell landed at Liverpool, to-morrow, not a soldier the less would be sent out. If we are to have a war with the North, in connection with this United States schism, there could be no more favorable time than the present. It would be a short and decisive war, and would have a vital influence in the preservation of peace and the uninterrupted freedom of commerce for many years to come, without our having to pass through the ordeal of social and mercantile confusion which wars, as a general rule, entail."

This hint should not be lost upon us. The only security we can have against the hostile spirit which England now manifests towards this country, is to be fully prepared to meet her aggressions. The same disposition which makes her ready to take advantage of our supposed weakness, will also make her respect our acknowledged strength. The only advantage she has over us now is in the number of her ships. That is an advantage which, by proper industry on our part, we can materially diminish in less than a year. Steam rams, iron clad batteries, strong steam frigates like the Wabash, and swift, strong steam sloops of war, with the heaviest armament, like those recently built, should be rapidly constructed at all our public and private yards. This will cost money, but a hundred millions of dollars laid out upon naval defences now, will save us from the loss of five times that amount, at any time when it chooses England to interfere with the prosecution of our war against rebellion. The nation which is best able to take care of its own rights is the nation that England always has the most respect for, and we are able to place ourselves very soon in that position. Such preparation is the very best peace measure you could adopt. Our Navy Department is doing all it can, under the present circumstances, to create an iron-clad fleet. Orders have been given for manufacturing large rolled iron plates, four and a half inches in thickness, for plating from sixteen to twenty vessels, and when these are finished we shall have a powerful navy.

EXPERIMENT WITH THE STEVENS BATTERY.—The Naval Committee appointed to examine Stevens' Battery, reported against the expediency of completing it. They believe the hull not strong enough to bear a heavy seaway. They object to the mode of introducing water into the vessel to sink her, as being unsafe; and point out that when sunk, as Mr. Stevens proposes she shall be in action, a heavy shot going through the deck would at once drown the crew and destroy the vessel. One of the advantantages claimed for the vessel was the ability to fire her enormous guns on a direct line with the keel, but this advantage the committee say is counterbalanced by the fact that firing 410 pound shells across a distance of 120 feet would destroy the forward and abaft decks, forming the quarters of the officers. Mr. Stevens, in no-wise discouraged by this report, invited a number of army and navy officers to test experiments with the battery, which were made on Friday last.

THE WESTERN FLOTILLA, which is preparing to descend the Mississippi, consists of twelve enormously strong gunboats, mounting nearly two hundred of the heaviest guns, and sixty-six mortar boats. These vessels are now at Cairo, receiving their powder and other ammunition. These boats are said to be the strongest ever built, and every protection possible is afforded to the crews which will man them. The mortar boats, thirty-eight in number, are built of heavy timber—the sides of boiler-iron, loopholed for musketry, are so arranged that they can be used as bridges, and will each carry one of the heaviest mortars used in warfare. Small tugboats will be used to tow the mortar boats into position. So confident are some of the naval officers in the strength of the gunboats, that several of them have offered to take the Benton, and lay her under the batteries of Columbus, confident that her immense strength will resist the heaviest metal in the possession of the rebels.

OFF FOR GOOD.—The British gunboat Rinaldo, on Wednesday morning, carried off the worthy brace of rebels, Mason and Slidell, on their way to England. When they get there, of course, there will be great pother over them, and possibly a banquet may be got up for them, at which John Bull will tickle his cockles, expatiating on the "right of asylum" to traitors, and the right of neutrality to help rebels to overthrow a Government with which John professes to be in amity. Commander Williams will doubtless be there, to express his opinions on the same subject. After all this fuss, however, there will remain the judgment of nations upon the conduct of both countries, and at that tribunal we do not think that ours will have any reason to fear the verdict. The Trent affair has compelled England to show herself in her true colors, and now that we know what her real feelings and intentions are, it would be folly in us not to prepare ourselves diligently for the worst that she can inflict.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Thursday*, after the presentation of petitions, Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was agreed to, asking the President to transmit to the Senate all the correspondence which has taken place since the Congress of Paris relative to neutral and belligerent rights on the ocean. The Committee on Finance was instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a distinct bureau for the Treasury Department to regulate and control the Mint. The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the necessity of modifying the act of July, 1861, increasing the military staff of the United States. An inquiry was addressed to the Secretary of War relative to cavalry regiments. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill relating to sutlers in volunteer regiments.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On *Thursday*, the Secretary of War was interrogated as to why certain New York regiments at the capital were yet without arms, and whether any legislation is necessary before arms can be procured. A bill providing for the defence of the City of Philadelphia and the Delaware River, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Vallandigham asked leave to introduce a resolution, asking for a variety of information from the Secretary of the Treasury, but he was not indulged in his desire. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

WAR NEWS.

A Daily Digest of the News of the Week.

General McClellan was unable to be out several days last week.

The reported fight at Paducah, Ky., proves to be untrue—so the operator at Cairo states.

A slight skirmish in Adair county, Ky., resulted in a loss to the rebels of five killed, with no loss to our side.

The rebels have broken up their camp at Bethel, Va., and fled to Yorktown, on account of a rumor that General Wool's army would advance from Fortress Monroe on Sunday.

Advices from the Lower Potomac inform us that the rebels have erected still another battery, the site of which is on 'Possum Nose, a point above any of the others.

A number of National officers, who have been in prison at Richmond, arrived at the Fortress on Wednesday, by a flag of truce. They confirm the report that some two hundred and fifty prisoners are there awaiting an opportunity to come down.

A despatch to the Chicago Tribune, dated at Cairo, Dec. 30, states that Capt. Noleman, with four companies of cavalry, went to the vicinity of Bertrand, on Saturday evening, and captured twenty-two rebels and fifty horses and mules. One of the number (Capt. Gatly) is one of the most desperate characters in Southern Missouri.

Some dissatisfaction appears to be making its way into the southern press on account of the unpromising condition of rebel affairs. The Augusta, (Ga.) Constitutionalist and the New Orleans True Delta are out in full cry against the management of Jeff. Davis & Co., whom they charge with peculation, mistaken policy, selfishness, and want of vigor.

The Constitution still lies in Boston harbor with her stores and cargo on board, awaiting the arrival of the troops which she is to take to Ship Island. A squadron of mounted rifle rangers and a full company of light cavalry, each provided with picked horses, are to accompany the expedition. The steamer Saxon has also been fited up, and armed with two formidable columbiads to convoy the Constitution when she shall sail. Three thousand of the men embarked on Thursday.

A despatch to the Chicago Tribune, dated St. Louis, Dec. 30, gives ground to hope for further good news from Missouri. Ten thousand troops, it is stated, under Gens. Curtis, Asboth and Wyman, have left Rolla for some unknown destination—possibly to garrison Carthage and Springfield, and prevent Price's return to the Osage, if they cannot force him to give battle.

Despatches to the Cincinnati papers, dated at Louisville, Dec. 30, contradicts the rumored passage of Green River by Gen. McCook's Division. The bridge is not yet completed. On the 30th, Gen. Buell with his staff left Louisville for Munfordsville, and this movement, taken in connection with the fact that the National force has nearly all been brigaded, was the foundation for the reports of engagements. Capt. Albert Bacon, who, the Philadelphia papers stated, fell in an engagement at Paducah, was killed at Calhoun, in an encounter between a large force of the rebels, and a picket guard. Twenty of the latter were taken prisoners.

Advices from Missouri render it certain that the rebellion is dead so far as that State is concerned. Late advices from Springfield state that Price is there with only 8,000 troops, occupying the houses, and turning the women and children into the streets. He was apparently making preparations for a long stay—the reason for which is found in the refusal of the people of Arkansas to allow him to enter that State with the Confederate troops, of which he had only 1,500 with him. The consequence is, his State troops are leaving him in numbers—the country north of Springfield being full of them, returning to their homes, where they express their determination to stay, taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. It is by no means improbable that Price himself will soon send in his adhesion to the Union cause.

Our despatches from the Upper Potomac, represent that the rebel force at Leesburg has recently been considerably augmented, the number being now estimated at 6,000. They are understood to be busily engaged in erecting new fortifications. They are believed to be fortifying in the vicinity of Martinsburg, the advance of Gen. Kelly's forces from Romney along the Baltimore and Ohio Railrord rendering them apprehensive of an attack. It is understood that the railroad has already been opened for a distance of seven miles south of Hancock, a strong guard rendered the work secure as fast as it is restored. A rebel force made an attack upon the guard on Tuesday afternoon, but they were repulsed with the loss of twenty killed. The rebels still make occasional demonstrations at Dam No. 5, but without effecting anything. The national battery there is too formidable for them.

Sutton, the chief town of Braxton county, in Western Virginia, about midway between Clarksburg and Carnifex, has fallen into the hands of the rebels. The Cincinnati Gazette states the fact, but gives no particulars of the movement which led to this result.

The rebel Brigadier-General in the army of the Potomac who recently committed suicide, was Philip St. George Cocke. His name was affixed to various proclamations and general orders before Beauregard was ordered from Charleston. He should not be confounded with Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke, a loyal Virginian, recently promoted to the command of the cavalry in the National army.

The Boston Traveller, in noticing the departure of Mason and Slidell from Fort Warren, says: "The other political prisoners, as they trade them good-bye, congratulated them on their release. Mr. Mason went off in good humor. Indeed, he has recently been in good spirits, and has borne his imprisonment with the air of a philosopher. Mr. Slidell was somewhat sulky, and not at all pleased at going in such an unostentatious manner, and in such a vessel. He evidently expected that a steamer would come here especially for them. Part of his ill-nature may be owing to his health, which has not been good for some weeks, keeping him pretty close to his room, although he has not called for medical aid."

But a short time ago Gen. McClellan inquired of Gen. Porter in what time he could move? Being answered in twenty-four hours, he rejoined that he wished the soldiers not to be deluded into the belief that they were about going into winter quarters, but to hold themselves in readiness, as they would shortly move forward." Since that time it has transpired that orders have been given to move via Occoquan. As the Burnside Expedition will probably ascend the Rappahannock river, a movement forward via Occoquan will compel the evacuation of the rebel batteries on the Potomac, and also give us possession of the terminus of the Richmond railway at Acquia creek, and leave the Confederates at Manassas the choice of two evils: to fall back on Richmond, or be completely outflanked and captured by McClellan's masterly strategy.

The steam transports Cahawba and Roanoke arrived at New York on Friday morning, having left Port Royal on the evening of the 30th ult. Preparations were being made by Commodore Dupont, in conjunction with Gen. Sherman, for a new attack upon the rebels—the point of which, for obvious reasons, is not disclosed. The Wabash was to be again brought into service to cover the landing of troops, and a number of gunboats were also to be made available. The rebels had made no demonstration in the vicinity of Beaufort. Later news from Tybee Island is also received. The health of the command there was good, and matters were progressing favorably. One of the National soldiers—a man named Mohr, belonging to the Forty-sixth N. York Regiment—had been killed by a round-shot from Fort Pulaski, while unnecessarily exposing himself.

The Louisville Journal states that on Friday night, Dec. 27th, Capt. Fry, of Company B, Twentieth Regiment, started out from Warsaw, Ky., with a file of men for Eagle Creek, about thirteen miles from the village, having been ordered to arrest Capt. Washington R. Sanders, and break up a company of secessionists, who rendezvoused at his house. When they reached the house of Mr. Sanders he was not to be found. Upon searching the premises a 6-pound cannon was found buried, together with six kegs of gunpowder, a quantity of rifles, bowie-knives, pistols, swords and percussion caps. The arms, &c., were taken to Warsaw.

A letter from Smithfield, Kentucky, states that the fortifications which have been erected at that place, under the supervision of Lieut. Dewell, of the Engineer Corps, are strong enough to be defended by 2,000 men, to resist any attack which the rebels can make.

Among the prisoners at Jefferson City, Missouri, according to the St. Louis Republican, is Mr. Williams, the Delegate to Congress from Colorado Territory. Mr. Williams was on a visit to Callaway county, where he assisted in stirring up rebellion against the Government in whose councils he was about to participate. A gentleman who was present at his preliminary examination before the Provost Marshal of Jefferson City, says that Mr. Williams did not pretend to deny his sympathy with the South, and his hatred of the purposes of the Administration in the present war, declaring it had been his belief that Mr. Lincoln designed a war for the abolition of Slavery. Upon this ground, Mr. Williams extenuated his offence for preaching opposition to the Government, admitting ing now that Mr. Lincoln had "a right upon that issue." Mr. Williams stoutly denied the commission of any overt act of rebellion, and claimed that he was a true and loyal citizen, having, as he says, "never done anything."

Six hundred submarine batteries have been planted by the rebels in the Mississippi between Columbus and Memphis, and a gentleman who saw them tested, says that they were perfectly successful.

The great railroad bridge over Green river, Kentucky, is at length rebuilt. It is a lofty trestle structure. General Buell was at the head of his army of 60,000 men, but would probably not advance immediately. He has one hundred pieces of artillery and 3000 cavalry. A reserve of 30,000 men will guard the depots, railroad bridges, transportation trains, etc., and these have abundance of cavalry, more in fact than the advancing army.

By way of Fortress Monroe and Norfolk we have some important news from the South. By this arrival the 240 released Union prisoners have returned from Richmond. They were nearly all taken at the battle of Bull Run.

On the 1st inst. Fort Pickens opened its batteries again upon some rebel steamers proceeding between the navy yard and Pensacola.

The Charleston Mercury announces that a large Union force landed on North Edisto and seized the railroad station on the Charleston and Savannah railroad. There had also been an advance on the main land against the rebels, and a fight, in which the latter admit to have lost fifteen men killed and wounded, and claim to have taken one prisoner. Our version of this fight has not yet come to hand.

Sixteen United States war vessels were reported at Ship Island, in the Gulf.

The rebels on the Potomac are confidently expecting an attack by the U. S. expeditionary forces on Evansport, and other points on the river.

A Richmond paper confesses that the rebel army is utterly demoralized, regimental drills have ceased, and the men spend their time in gambling.

Thirteen rebel prisoners captured by General Fitz John Porter's division of the army in Virginia, have been lodged in jail in Washington.

A destructive fire has occurred in Richmond, Va., including the theatre and other property.

The powder mill opposite New Orleans exploded, and it is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Notes of the Rebellion.

A gang of fifty bridge-burning rebels has been arrested in Audrain county, Missouri.

The Port Royal forces have captured altogether about two millions of dollars' worth of cotton, unginned.

Before Price's rebel army had reached Springfield a division of 10,000 United States troops, under Generals Asboth and others, had left Rolla, bound westward for Springfield and Carthage.

January 1st, the traitors Mason and Slidell were released from Fort Warren and placed on board the steamer Starlight, which immediately left for Provincetown to place them on board the British steamer Rinaldo, now lying there.

Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore, the female spy, arrested a few days since, has been placed in the prison for female traitors at Washington. Rebel letters were found in the folds of her dress and the rolls of her hair. A secret note imbedded in a cake for Mrs. Greenhow, has been intercepted. It was intended to furnish her with the details of an attempt to rescue her.

The St. Louis Republican publishes a protest, signed by several injured individuals whom Gen. Halleck called upon for contributions to support the loyal citizens driven from the Southwestern part of the State by the rebels. They call for a legal investigation, to determine the question of rebel loyalty, and insist that it is their right to distribute their charity in accordance with their own inclinations.

Mr. P. H. Donegan, formerly of the U. States Coast Survey, publishes an interesting statement of his experience while in the hands of the rebels, in the Boston Transcript. He had been engaged for fifteen months previous to his arrest in taking tidal and meteorological observations on the Louisiana coast, and was apprehended on suspicion of being a spy. Taken before Gen. Twiggs, he was subjected to various indignities, and was finally released from arrest by falling back upon his British nativity, and claiming the protection of the British Consul at New Orleans. He instances several cases in which the rebels executed individuals suspected of being Abolitionists, and alleges that his British countrymen are frequently shamefully maltreated.

A private despatch received from Washington, states that Gen. McClellan, on investigating the specifications of the charges against Brig. Gen. Benham, has ordered the latter's release from arrest, and he is to be ordered at once to duty. This will be grateful news to the numerous friends of this brave officer.

Hon. Joseph Holt writes to the Cincinnati Gazette denying the statement of its correspondent, that Gen. Schoepf was formerly a hotel porter, &c. He is a Hungarian, and a graduate of the military school at Vienna. On coming to this country he was employed in the office of the U. S. Coast Survey, and it was there that Mr. Holt found him and discovered his military qualifications.

The Boston Traveller, of Monday, states that there was no communication with Fort Warren on Saturday, in consequence of the gale, and the prisoners taken from the Trent were ignorant of the decision of the National Government in favor of their release. On Sunday newspapers were carried down, containing the official correspondence, and Mr. Mason was noticed at the window of his room perusing the intelligence with a smile of satisfaction upon his countenance. Mr. Slidell kept in the background.

The first day of the new year was marked by the surrender of Mason and Slidell to British authority, and their departure from the shores of the United States for the British dominion. The matter was managed very quietly. A steamtug took them from Fort Warren at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and conveyed them to Provincetown, Cape Cod, where they were placed on board the British gunboat Rinaldo, which was there in waiting, and left about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The wind has since been blowing a hurricane.

A variety of interesting news frow the rebel States reaches us by way of Fortress Monroe. A fire occurred at Nashville, Tenn., on the night of the 22d ult., by which the Commissary Stores, including a portion of the Ordnance Department, were destroyed, the loss being estimated at nearly a million dollars—no small item for the rebel exchequer to lose. Fugitive slaves, who have reached Fortress Monroe, report that the inhabitants of Yorktown and the military authorities there are much frightened in anticipation of an attack. Gen. Burnside's expedition they believe is going up the York River, and Gen. Wool is expected to co-operate in an attack upon Magruder's position. That worthy, it is stated, has asked permission to burn Yorktown, and has been instructed to refrain until he is certain that the place is to be immediately attacked. The rebel force in the vicinity of Yorktown is estimated at thirty thousand. It is announced that one of the rebel Brigadier Generals committed suicide on Thursday last.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Etna and Borussia at New York, and the Asia at Halifax, we have advices from Europe to the 22d ult. The papers received are to the 18th, and contain comments upon the message of President Lincoln to Congress. The document is generally most mercilessly attacked, and comparisons are drawn between it and the one lately emanating from the traitor Jeff. Davis—much to its disadvantage, the English newspapers contend. The point made of the President's silence relative to the Trent affair is that it is indicative of immediate war—the exceptions to this view being few. In fact, it appears to be difficult for the English press to accept any other solution of the Trent difficulty but that of war, in any contingency. The Observer, the Ministerial organ, says that England wishes for peace, but that she will gain by war, as it will enable her to rectify her American front

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL—The gun boat Jas. S. Chambers having gone to sea, the Hartford, St Louis and J. L. Davis are the only ones remaining at the Navy Yard in a condition to be soon ready for service, except the two bomb boats. The latter are nearly completed, and will no doubt leave during the present week if the navigation is not too much obstructed. The mortar was placed on the Mangum on Saturday. The gun and carriage weigh 27,000 pounds. Three gunners arrived at the Navy Yard for the sloop-of-war Hartford on Saturday. Two of them are nine-inch; the other an 80-pound rifled gun. The Hartford is nearly ready to sail, and all her officers have reported for duty. An ineffectual attempt was made on Saturday to coax the Powhatan, but the sections could not be sunk deep enough to receive the vessel, owing to the masses of ice in the Delaware and the low state of the tide. The sections are now in the basin, and are secure from floating ice. The work upon the Miami is still being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The Navy Department, at Washington, expects the U. S. sloop John Adams to arrive at New York within a few days. The Department does not apprehend that any disaster has happened to her, notwithstanding her long absence.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 8, 1862.

A NEW VOLUME
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With January 1862, will be commenced a new volume of the "Dollar Newspaper" in which will be published a series of unequalled

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A Story founded on facts.

With many others. All these several Stories are on hand, and will appear as rapidly as space can be found for their publication.

THE FARM AND THE FARMER.

The interest of the Agriculturist will not be neglected, and in the future, as in the past, the publishers will devote unremitting attention to the perfection of this Department, which is a most interesting feature of the paper, being wholly original, and comprising the usual variety for

The Farm and Land Owner!
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THE WAR NEWS.

As a source of additional interest to all classes of readers, the progress of the present internecine war, in which two great armies are engaged, will be closely canvassed, and the most important events carefully collated and presented to the reader. By following the operations of the armies from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and running history of this lamentable rebellion.

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WM. M. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"ODE TO THE NEW YEAR," came to hand too late for last week's "Newspaper," and is, besides, hardly as perfect as we desire.

"THE TWO SOWERS," we have filed for publication.

"THE BATTLE," a very stirring poem, by J. D. H., we shall try to find for soon.

"SLIDING DOWN THE HILL," by C. H. G., a sprightly little effusion, admirably suited to the season, we shall print in a week or two.

INQUIRY.—Will you please inform me through the "Dollar Newspaper" of the difference between a Seaman and a Marine in the United States naval service, and the usual way taken to join either branch, if there is any difference, and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Bear Creek, Pa., 1861.

A "Seaman" engages at so much a month for the term of three years, and performs only seaman's duty; while a "Marine" enlists under Government authority for five years, and comes within military discipline. We refer all inquirers to the officers of the Philadelphia or any other Navy Yard.

DIPTHERIA

New, or supposed, diseases are continually appearing, which are, in fact, modifications of old ones, under new names and in new forms. There appears to be some peculiarity in the present winter, which has caused diphtheria to be unusually prevalent in particular districts of the interior of this State, and for want of being taken in time, particularly fatal, care is needed lest it become epidemic in our cities. For all popular purposes it may be regarded as a modification of the putrid sore throat. In both, experienced medical skill *at the outset* is worth everything. It generally begins in a family among the children, one of whom will be restless and feverish for a day, or with symptoms not very unlike those which precede scarlet fever, exhibiting strong constitutional derangement. Then comes on a complaint of soreness in the throat, followed by small patches of white, or sometimes yellowish coating matter on the throat. The moment these appear no time should be lost in sending for a medical man who has had experience and success in treating these diseases, because there are in fact two diseases to be treated at once. One is in the throat, where there is a local danger; but there is also another in the fluids of the whole body, which is, after all, perhaps, the chief thing, though most out of sight.

It is well known that the best mode of treating scarlet fever, measles and even typhoid fever, is to regard them as the effects of some poisonous matter inhaled through the lungs and carried perhaps, as the oxygen gas is carried, through the capillaries of that organ into the circulatory system. In scarlet fever and measles the best treatment has therefore been found not to bleed or reduce the system, but rather to stimulate it so as to aid it to throw off to the surface the poison which in those cases blossoms out on the skin and dies there. The same sort of general treatment is found most useful in diphtheria. If a child has an ordinary attack of sickness, or sore throat, a little abstinence or opening medicine will generally reduce it. But in a disease of this kind, on the contrary, a generous diet and a gently stimulating treatment seems to strengthen nature to throw off the disease. Whether diphtheria is contagious or not has been doubted. In all probability it is not. But it may and does become epidemic in the atmosphere. Wherever there is exposure to it, fresh, pure air is one of the best of preventatives and even medicines both for the individual patient and for the prevention of the spread of the disease. A room well aired and lighted and warmed, so freely as to allow of a constant change, without draft, or any extreme of heat or cold, will of itself do much in the way of medicine. But there is no time to be lost in the commencement of active treatment the moment the disease shows itself. To cleanse and keep clean the throat, and prevent unhealthy and corrupt matter from forming or accumulating there, is in itself a work of no ordinary skill. Gargles for the throat, that will stimulate the mucous membrane to healthy action, or cauterization, as needed, together with the keeping up of the strength of the general system, will require no little management and promptitude. It should be borne in mind that the proper treatment of each case as it arises is of vast importance, not only to the life and health of the individual patient, but, in fact, of the whole community. An hour or two of neglect by a sleepy nurse, may render a case virulent in itself and contagious to a whole neighborhood; while careful nursing and scientific treatment may and will modify the type which a disease assumes, until it entirely dies away, or becomes in time easily manageable by discreet family nursing.

EFFECT OF THE TIMES ON THE YOUNG

Among the many changes produced by the present war, that in the education of children is perhaps among the least thought of, but most real and necessary to be considered by every prudent family. Hundreds, if not thousands, of our wealthiest citizens have been utterly ruined by the recent changes of business produced by political events, and hundreds more must be. In fact those who are in business at all have only saved themselves from severe losses by turning their capital and labors into some pursuit connected with the present war. Some will thus make money rapidly, while many will lose such sums as to change most seriously the condition of their families.

One of the first duties, then, of all parents in these times, is to bring up their children so as to be prepared for great changes of fortune—prepared to use poverty only as a means of calling forth greater exertions, courage and resolution, or to employ wealth without ostentation or luxury, or idle habits or vices. To be the same men and women, frank, earnest, honest, open, friendly equally in all possible circumstances of outward wealth or poverty. This is the highest philosophy as well as one of the most beautiful effects of religion. It is also one of the most difficult aims of all true education. Indeed this disposition practically carried out is an inward wealth more valuable than any outward fortune in its worth.

Next to this in importance is it that each family of young people should be educated according to their expectations. If a parent, because he *has been* wealthy, in the hopes that "something will turn up," educates his children to spend money largely, and not to earn it before they spend, they may grow up elegant as butterflies. Solomon in all his glories may not have been arrayed as one of these, and yet the temptations to some unworthy conduct to supply these wants and artificial cravings will be so great as almost infallibly to lead them to vice, degradation and ruin, in some form or other. At least, it must be a source of constant anxiety to a parent, and of misery to the individual so educated. True mental education does not make any one less capable of work, but it renders him more able to perform the very highest kind of work—the work which is most profitable to society, and therefore most remunerative to himself. But habits of expensive dress and entertainments, of wines and horses, of late hours, costly suppers or fashionable watering places and hosts of waiters—the habit of these things once acquired in early life, beyond the means of supporting them, all tend to make it harder and more hopeless for a family to earn by industry an independence. Or, if by chance some member of the family, by great exertion, begins to acquire, a single week of pleasure will use it all up, and produce a blank hopelessness utterly destructive of all future exertion and prospects.

On the other hand, there are not a few men through the country who make large fortunes, and ruin their children by bringing them up with "great expectations," perhaps, but no corresponding education to the proper use of wealth. Many of these parents have no taste themselves for many of those objects that are really worth having where the means are at hand to procure them. It would be folly for such to pretend to enjoy what they do not, and a simplicity of habit may show the truest sense in them. But to bring up a son to possess an income of thousands without education to take care of it and use it properly, or mixing with those who do, is the sure way to make him dissipated as a relief from idleness. The greatest blessing of wealth is that it enables a parent to choose instructors and society for his children of intelligence and moral worth, so that they may combine with the experiences and virtues of their fathers those broader and more elevated views and purposes which arise from mixing with many families of worth and of refinement.

SYMPATHY WITH FILIBUSTERS.

A remarkable feature of the present complications, arising out of the rebellion, is the active sympathy of Spain in favor of the rebels, and the manifestations that way of England and France, both of which countries so loudly, a few years ago, denounced filibustering, and the Government of the United States for not stopping it. These very parties now take Slidell by the hand, who was one of the chief filibusters, who not only introduced a bill making appropriations to "facilitate" the acquisition of the Island of Cuba, but in his place in the Senate openly threatened the Executive with the uprising of the people of the South against the Government if the President undertook to execute the laws against their piratical raids upon neighboring territory. There is not a man of prominence among the rebel leaders who did not aid and encourage Lopez's attempt to revolutionize Cuba, and every one of them denounced Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan for their efforts to maintain the laws, when public opinion in the free States compelled them to act against the filibusters. There is nothing in our whole history as a nation which produced in European minds so much prejudice against the United States as these piratical aggressions upon our neighbors. Yet Spain, which suffered so much from them, cannot show too much honor to the men who provoked them, and England and France take one of the arch conspirators against their interests on the American continent, to a fraternal embrace. If Walker has not been shot on his last criminal attempt in Central America, there is no doubt that he would be receiving the commendations of the European press as the soul of honor and chivalry. Walker, unscrupulous and cruel as he proved himself to be, was not as unprincipled a pirate as Slidell, who, while holding a high position in the Senate, was using his best endeavors to get the Government to encourage his schemes of acquisition in Cuba and Central America.

A CHANGE WANTED IN CONGRESS.

There are strong indications that a considerable number of the gentlemen who represent, or rather who fail to represent, their constituencies at Washington, will at future elections be laid quietly and permanently on the shelf. The exigencies of the occasion called for the immediate adoption of a financial policy, and we find ourselves floundering in a sea of uncertainty—for the maturing of a system of defence for our ports and frontiers with the least possible delay, towards which little has been accomplished—for the creation of an effective navy, by constructing vessels capable of coping with those of England, and yet a beginning has not been made. To these and other matters, such as the reform of the medical department of the army, Congress has exhibited a reckless indifference, which culminated in an adjournment for the holidays, (or in a systematic absenteeism which amounted to the same thing,) at the very moment when their action was most required. Enormous sacrifices have been made; stupendous losses have been incurred, in order that the Union may be preserved, and yet Congress will not give the attention required to make all this available and effective. The people want action, and our public affairs certainly require prompt and energetic action.

THE SKATERS' CARNIVAL.—The change in the temperature of the last few days brought with it the usual winter enjoyment of skating, and the surface of the Schuylkill above the dam was crowded on Saturday with persons enjoying this exhilarating sport. Four or five thousand persons must have been on the river within the space of a mile, and the eastern bank, from Lemon Hill towards the Girard Bridge, was crowded with spectators. The ice was in fine condition for skating—smooth, strong, and with few air holes, which are properly marked with small flags. The scene on the river was particularly animating. Almost every one was mounted upon a pair of skates, ladies as well as gentlemen. The ladies were mostly costumed for this kind of sport, and some of them exhibited a great deal of skill as skaters. The amusement seems to be growing very fashionable among the ladies, and their participation in the sport adds greatly to the pleasure of those engaged in it. There is not a more beautiful spectacle to be seen than this moving panorama of skaters upon the Schuylkill. It is full of life, of grace, of gayety, and of fun; as amusing to the spectators as to the participants in the sport.

THE WAR AGAINST MEXICO.—Intelligence has been received from Mexico of the occupation of Vera Cruz by the Spaniards. As the Mexicans had previously removed all the guns into the interior to oppose the advance of the allies it to the country, this occupation was not a very difficult one for the Dons. Now that they have Vera Cruz, how are they to settle the difficulty without going further? The Mexicans will not be likely to trade much with Vera Cruz while it is in the hands of a foreign foe, and without exports and imports, the revenue seized upon will hardly pay the debts Mexico owes to Europe. If England does not get her Mexican bonds paid, she will not gain a great deal in the expedition. France and Spain may realize something by the accomplishment of political objects, which undoubtedly is their object. England will be very likely to lose her Mexican trade, which amounts annually to considerably more than the sum due her subjects from Mexico. This Mexican embroglio is a curious affair, and the development of its real purpose will probably not now be very distant.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.—Horace Binney, Esq., has published a pamphlet sustaining the President in the exercise of the right of suspension of the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus. Mr. Binney argues at great length, to show the difference between the constitutions of England and the United States, in regard to habeas corpus, and shows that the suspension being authorized by the United States Constitution itself, it requires no act of Congress to authorize it, and that the contingency upon which the suspension depends—the public safety—is a matter for Executive discretion and determination. All that the Legislature can do is to authorize a suspension by giving effect to an Executive act, the Constitution having authorized that, there is no room for legislative power. The pamphlet is written to elicit discussion upon this new question in our political history, and not intended as a dogmatic assertion of opinion.

AMUSEMENTS.

This is announced as positively the last week of the engagement of Mr. Forrest at the *Academy of Music*. On Monday evening he appeared as Othello, a character in which he confessedly stands unequalled. On this, Wednesday, evening, he will appear as Macbeth, another of his great parts; and, sustained, as he will be, by Mrs. Farren as Lady Macbeth, a most entertaining performance and a very crowded audience may be expected. On Friday evening, Mr. F. is announced to appear in a Shakesperean character. On Saturday evening there will be no performance. Monday, the 8th inst., is set apart for Mr. Forrest's benefit. As longer engagement of the great tragedian was expected, and as this may be the last he will ever play in his native city, the opportunity will, no doubt, be embraced by many young men to see him, that they may say, in after years, "I saw the great American tragedian Edwin Forrest play." On the off nights there will be dramatic performances.

The *Continental Theatre* is now under the management of Mr. Thomas McKeon, a popular actor and almost respectable and intelligent gentleman. He opened, on Monday evening, with the historical equestrian drama, "Putnam." The new management has added several popular names to the list of actors; among others, Mr. Lewis Baker, Miss Annie Eberle, and Miss Chandler. Mr. McKeon has many friends who will take pleasure in encouraging his talents in his profession.

At the *Arch*, the grand Shakesperian pageant, "Love's Labor Lost," will be continued through the present week. It is a spectacle of great beauty, and in the hands of one of the best companies in the country, as it is, commands very excellent audiences. A new drama, called "Scotto, or The Scout and the Spy," embodying many incidents of the present rebellion, is also announced for nightly performance.

At the *Walnut*, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are playing an engagement with their accustomed success.

Blitz has done a wonderful business the past week, and continues his performances nightly, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at Tenth and Chesnut streets. His magic, as well as his ventriloquism, is most surprising.

Sanford's Burlesque Opera is one of the most laughter-provoking, yet innocent places of amusement in town. There are nightly full and respectable audiences.

Jarrett's "Combination Company" opened at Niblo's, New York, on Tuesday, alternating "The School for Scandal" with "Hamlet" until further notice. The cast for the former piece includes Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., Messrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., E. L. Davenport, Tom Placide, Henry Placide, Mark Smith and Wm. Wheatley.

Boucicault altered his play of the "Octoroon" so that Zoe is now married, after having been run away with by McClosky, the latter ruffian being shot by Zoe's lover. The change was made in accordance with the wishes of the British people, the author having received numerous letters requesting a modification of the final catastrophe. Shrewd Dion, of course, made no end of shillings by the new puffing and attraction the changes occasioned.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ The strike of the workmen at the Brooklyn navy-yard has ended, and the men have returned to work.

☞ A burglar was shot at Newark, N. J., the other night, by a daughter of Henry B. Kimball, while attempting to enter a house.

☞ Secretaries Seward and Chase have offered their aid to procure cotton seed for cultivation in Southern Illinois, and other parts of the West.

☞ The steamship Northern Light arrived at New York on Saturday, from Aspinwall, bringing the California mails and $711,000 in gold.

☞ The servant girls of the Free States consume more silks and French goods than the whole Southern aristocracy.

☞ The Essex Banner says a woman has been extorting money from the charitable in Haverhill by exhibiting a false cancer on her breast. That's ingenious.

☞ Arrangements are making in Baltimore to give a grand military escort and reception to the Union prisoners from Richmond, on their arrival there by the steamer from Old Point.

☞ The Kansas land claim between General Lane and Gaines Jenkins, over which they quarrelled and fought, and Jenkins was killed, has at last been decided in favor of Lane, by the Department of the Interior.

☞ Vitriol throwing, we notice, has been again commenced at Boston. One woman destroyed another's eyes by means of it, the other night, and the "crime travels in great circles," we may now expect to hear of similar feats in all directions.

☞ Prince Napoleon is the only distinguished man in Europe who has publicly and warmly espoused the cause of the United States. He is the next heir to the throne of France, after the Prince Imperial; and if our people ever have an opportunity to do him a good turn, they will not be likely to forget it.

☞ A New Hampshire machinist has been appointed head mechanic at Port Royal, and his first job is to put in order the different cotton gins. He is attaching them to a steam engine, which was found in the fort there, and makes the same machine that formerly made up (ginned) two bales, make at the rate of seven or eight a day.

☞ The city of Charleston has suffered more severely from fire than any other city of its size in the world. In 1778 there were 225 houses consumed; in 1796, nearly a third of the city was destroyed, involving loss of property to the value of $2,500,000. Again, in the great fire of 1828, the loss was estimated at $3,000,000.

☞ England pays annually about $170,000,000 for cotton—all imported. After retaining sufficient for her own wants, the balance is reshipped to different parts of the world, in the shape of manufactured goods, the proceeds of which amount to about $250,000,000. This explains why England, *just now*, does not particularly sympathize with the North.

☞ The whole amount expended by the Government in the purchase of firearms since the beginning of the rebellion is twenty-two million dollars. Col. Schuyler, who purchased arms in Europe for the Government, has reported at Washington. The entire purchase of arms abroad amounts to near three hundred thousand stand.

☞ Much satisfaction is felt in official circles by assurances that have been received from the American Minister at St. Petersburg in reference to the friendship of the Emperor of Russia. He reports the Prince Gortschakoff as having said that "The Emperor had never ceased to avow his hopes for the grandeur of the American Union."

☞ There were 985 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 117 were adults, and 168 were children. There were 40 deaths from consumption of the lungs; 17 from debility; 4 from disease of the heart; 3 from dropsy; 34 from scarlet fever; 9 from typhoid fever; 24 from inflammation of the lungs; 8 from marasmus; 14 from small-pox, and 26 still-born.

☞ The direct railroad route between New York and Washington via Camden, Amboy and New Jersey RRs, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore RR. and Washington Branch RR. commends itself to all travellers by its directness, speed and comfort. By the time table it will be seen that passengers by the 2 P. M. express train from Boston leave New York at 11 P. M., Philadelphia at 3¼ A. M., and reach Washington at a few minutes past 9 o'clock A. M. This is prompt travelling, such in fact as is demanded by the exigencies of the times.

☞ The London Examiner of December 14th is preparing for another *casus belli*. It says: "Supposing reparation to be made for the Trent outrage, and the prisoners to be restored safe from Lynch Law, which seems too natural a sequence to Wilkes' law, *will it not be for the Powers of Europe to consider whether the measures the North is taking against the South are consistent with the interests of civilization?* Is it to be endured that the Federal Government shall eke out the inefficacy of its blockade by the detestable means of vessels laden with stone to be sunk to choke up Southern ports?"

☞ Hardly a day passes without an announcement from Washington of some wedding in the army. Generals, majors, lieutenants, captains, corporals and high privates, all seem to be busy marrying and giving in marriage. The only difference appears to be that the privates wed not singly, but in battalions. At least there was, the other day, an account of the marriage of forty soldiers in the grand army of the Potomac. If the matrimonial mania goes on at this rate, it is more than likely that the chaplains will find it an economy of labor to perform the interesting ceremony—say, by platoons!

☞ If all the office-seekers who besiege the members of the Cabinet at Washington could be drafted, our army might be recruited to almost any required number. The Springfield Republican says there were thirty-seven hangers on at the Treasury Department one morning last week, all nervously pacing the hall together, in the vain hope of getting in to see Secretary Chase. A shrewd fellow contrived to obtain an interview with Mr. Cameron—who is bored even to a worse extent by office-seekers, contract mongers and commission beggars. He had twice been refused admission by the austere keeper of the railing gate; but the third time he ran up stairs to produce the requisite shortness of breath, marched to the railing on the "double quick," and inquired if Secretary Cameron was in. "Yes, sir," was the customary answer of the vigilant blockader, "but he's engaged, and can't see anybody." Hastily snatching a quit-claim deed from his breast pocket and concentrating a magnetic gaze upon the "subject" before him, as he brandished the precious document, the audacious chap exclaimed, "My orders are to lay this instantly before Secretary Cameron in person." The awe-struck gate-keeper let him pass, yielding to brass as other guardians have yielded to more precious metals. That fellow will probably get an office.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Received by Telegraph on Monday.

XXXVIIth CONGRESS—First Session.

WASHINGTON, January 6, 1862.

SENATE.—Mr. Nesmith (Oregon) presented the credentials of Benj Stark, appointed Senator from Oregon, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Baker.

Mr. Fessenden (Me) moved that the administration of the oath be suspended to the present. He had papers well attested by many of the most respectable inhabitants of Portland, Oregon, stating that Mr Stark was understood to be an open and avowed Secessionist.

Mr Wright (Ind.) said there was no precedent for such a motion. There had never been baser falsehoods uttered than those which had been sent to the Senate about himself.

Mr. Fessenden said we had now to make precedents.

The credentials and papers were laid on the table for the present.

Mr. Fessenden (Me.) offered a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to allow the goods, coffee and tea, warehoused before the passage of the recent act, to be withdrawn with the duty of the former act paid, and that the duties collected on such goods under the late act be refunded. Agreed to.

The bill making appropriations for pensions for 1863 was taken up and passed.

The Senate went into Executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Roscoe Conkling, (N. Y.) rising to a question of privilege, called attention to the fact that on the second day of the session a resolution was adopted with reference to the battle of Ball's Bluff. The inquiry proposed in this resolution related to a great national calamity, to the most atrocious military murder ever committed in our history—to the most humiliating triumph of any rebellion, to a blunder so gross that every man can see, and none has ever dared to deny or defend it. Besides the defeat and the large loss of arms and munitions of war, there was a sacrifice of 900 men. The resolution to which he referred proposed, out of respect to the memory of these men, and in deference to the public propriety and self-respect of the nation, to inquire whether the military authorities have taken any steps whatever to ascertain who is responsible for the slaughter of the sons of New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. It was proper the House should be informed and the same inquiry be made. Gen. Stone, who was at the time in command, is a member of the regular army; Col. Baker was a volunteer officer. Suppose it should turn out that General Stone was only half way proficient, either in soldiership or loyalty, was that a reason why there should not be an investigation—was that a reason why he should be relieved from the responsibility of the disastrous blunder?

Mr. Conkling, in the course of his remarks, said the Government is spending two millions of dollars a day, with over six hundred thousand men in the field. But wherever we have made an advance we have been outnumbered and ignominously defeated; and yet the House and the country are denied the right of knowing who are responsible. If we cannot have indemnity for the past, in the name of humanity, let us have security for the future. Let us know who is responsible for the disgraceful disaster at Ball's Bluff. Mr. Conkling proceeded graphically to describe the military movements in connection with the battle of Ball's Bluff, and its repulsive features, saying among other things, that the scene was a hell of fire. From the commencement there was held out no hope of escape. After the publication of Adjutant General Thomas' report relative to Gen. Fremont, certainly no publication of anything connected with the Army should be suppressed. We should know whether the Commander in-Chief has taken the pains to inquire who is responsible for the disasters at Ball's Bluff, and we should make the inquiry with the view of obtaining an answer. Mr. Conkling was very pointed and severe in his comments. He offered a preamble reciting the resolution heretofore adopted and the response, concluding with a resolution that the answer to it is neither responsive to the inquiry nor satisfactory to the House, and that the Secretary of War be directed to return a further answer.

Mr. Richardson (Ill.) inquired whether this was a question of privilege.

The Speaker submitted the question to the House, which decided that it was.

Mr. Richardson, in opposing the resolution, said this was not a matter of proper inquiry here. If there is one point more prominent than another on which the country is agreed, it is that those who fought and fell with Baker displayed as much courage and gallantry as have ever been displayed on this continent. But these things ought not to be lugged in here. We must trust something to the proper departments of the Government. The men who have committed blunders and acted from errors of judgment will not hereafter be entrusted with important commands. If they are dead, we should cast no obloquy on their ashes or disgrace on their memory. The time has come when there should be a movement.

Mr. Edwards (N. H.) did not see in what Mr. Conkling had said any implied censure on the General-in-chief.

Mr. Crittenden (Ky.) contended that the House has no power under the Constitution to inquire into any matter purely military. The army is under the control of the President, who is responsible for its operations.

Mr. Conkling further explained the object and purpose of his resolution, replying to Mr. Crittenden's remarks.

Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) said that, if the original resolution had, as provided for by the rules of the House adopted forty years ago, in better times, directed the Secretary of War to report the information required, he would have voted for the resolution now pending; but it expressly left it to the Secretary of War whether the public interests justified furnishing the matter called for or not, and it was now too late to object that he had exercised the discretion left to him; otherwise he (Mr. Vallandigham) would have voted for this resolution, as he was one of those who believed in the right of Congress to enforce the responsibility upon all the heads of departments.

Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) entered his protest against the principles enunciated by the gentleman from Kentucky, having always believed that the military should be subordinate to the civil power. The regular military officers are more in the way of an advance than any other class. We are waiting in the fruitless hope that the rebellion will put itself down. The idea is, if we don't hurt anybody, the rebels will return to their allegiance. The fear in which we stand of injuring the twin relic of barbarism paralyzes the whole army. The reason why we are not successful is that we stand before an incensed God. We are not true to the principles of justice and truth, and abuse of human equality, namely, "liberty throughout all lands to all the inhabitants thereof."

Mr. Wickliffe (Ky.) called Mr. Lovejoy's attention to the resolution passed by the House in January last, declaring that neither the U. S Government, nor the people of the North have the right, or propose to interfere with, or legislate on the subject of slavery in the South. This was voted for by one Mr. Lovejoy. Are you the man? [Laughter.]

Mr. Lovejoy responded—"I am the man"—and continuing his remarks, he said that he believed the people were determined to carry on the war in such a way as to put down the rebellion in the speediest time. He had no doubt that the Government will gracefully yield to the popular sentiment. He repeated, we have no right in time of peace to interfere with slavery in the States. When that resolution was passed, for which he voted, all the States were loyal, and had not broken out in rebellion.

Mr. Richardson (Ill.)—"Had not the Star of the West been fired into?" [Voices from the Republican side—"No, no."]

Mr. Lovejoy resuming, asked Mr. Wickliffe whether he preferred the perpetuation of slavery rather than that of the Union?

Mr. Wickliffe replied that he was for preserving the Union under the constitution, regarding its obligations imposed on every citizen, State and section. He would preserve the institution of slavery, under the constitution, by the principle declared by the House and voted for by Mr. Lovejoy and other representatives, and also declared in the inaugural address of the President and the latter's two messages. If these principles are acted out, he had no fears for the Union and the institution of slavery.

Mr. Lovejoy asked if the ship must be saved by the throwing overboard of a portion of the crew, which would the gentleman prefer?

Mr. Wickliffe responded—I would prefer throwing the abolitionists overboard.

Mr. Lovejoy said that was tantamount to saying that the gentleman preferred the Union going overboard to slavery.

Mr. Dunn said—Let the gentleman conceal his purpose as he may, if it had been proclaimed at the commencement of this war that the object was to overthrow slavery, instead of six hundred thousand men, there would only be a small band of John Browns at the heels of the gentleman. He thanked God that the gentleman was not, nor likely to be, a member of the Cabinet.

Mr. Lovejoy—That's not so certain. [Laughter.]

Mr. Dunn resuming, said that he believed that by this war slavery had received its deathblow. He hoped this was so.

Mr. Lovejoy did not deny that he wanted to see slavery crushed and ground to powder, but he was not, as charged, in favor of any wild schemes. He never voted for any of them. He would tell the gentleman that these six hundred thousand soldiers would not fight the battle of his party.

Mr. Stevens (Pa.) said that if they were to believe in the horrible doctrine of Mr. Crittenden, it was nothing less than this, namely, that the war is not to enter into the manner in which the war is conducted, and whether there are many traitors or not. Had it come to this, that the House is a mere registrar of executive edicts, and is only to vote men and money? He protested against such a doctrine as having no foundation in the Constitution.

Mr. Dunn, resuming, said he did not believe this Government can be perpetuated by declaring the emancipation of slavery as its object. If so, the old Union is forever gone. We may, however, have a Union of the free States which may in time throw its shadow over the continent, but as to restoring the Union as it was, this would be impossible. He was for maintaining the authority of the Government. If slavery stands in the way of the peace and prosperity of the country, slavery must get out of the way.

Mr. Blair (Missouri) moved that the whole subject be laid on the table. Not agreed to—yeas 57, nays 77.

Mr. Conkling's resolution was then adopted—yeas 79, nays 64.

Mr. Stevens asked and obtained leave to report a joint resolution explanatory of the recent act imposing duties on tea coffee and sugar. He said this was necessary, owing to the construction given to the act by the Secretary of the Treasury. Passed. Adjourned.

From Western Virginia

UNITED STATES TROOPS ATTACK HUNTERSVILLE, VA.—THE REBELS RETREAT—CLOTHING AND ARMY STORES CAPTURED.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 6.—A special despatch to the Gazette, from Huntsville, Western Virginia, states that the expedition, consisting of 400 of the 25th Ohio, 300 of the 2d Virginia, and 40 of Bracken's cavalry, sent out by Gen Milroy, to attack Huntersville, was completely successful. They attacked the enemy on Saturday morning, consisting of 400 cavalry and 350 militia, and, after skirmishing an hour; the enemy retreated with the loss of eight killed and wounded. On our side none killed or wounded. $60,000 worth of army stores and clothing were captured and destroyed.

Later from Port Royal

ARRIVAL OF 3 600 BALES OF COTTON—ADVANCE OF THE U. S. TROOPS ON THE MAINLAND—THE REBEL BATTERIES CAPTURED.

NEW YORK, Jan 6.—The steamer Vanderbilt has arrived with Port Royal advices to the morning of the 3d inst. She brings 3697 bales of Sea Island cotton.

Gen Stevens' brigade advanced on the mainland on the 1st instant and took possession of the rebel batteries, after a short resistance, in which the troops were aided by the gunboats in shelling them. Gen. Stevens followed up his success to within six miles of the Charleston railroad. A flag of truce was received from the rebels, requesting permission to bury their dead, and an hour was granted for the purpose, when they fell back on their fortifications, which are said to be very extensive, and defended by from 11,000 to 12,000 men, under Gen. Pope. Their loss is unknown.

Our force was 4 500 men and we had only eight men wounded, including Major Watson, of the Eighth Michigan, mortally.

Gen. Stevens now holds possession of the mainland, and awaits reinforcements from the North to proceed.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Bohemian at Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 6.—The steamer Bohemian, from Liverpool, with dates to the 26th ult, and advices by telegraph, via Londonderry, to the 27th, has arrived here.

Business generally in Liverpool and London had been suspended, owing to the holidays. The sales of cotton on Tuesday, were about 15,000 bales, at an advance of ⅛ a ¼d.

Our despatch gives no breadstuff or provision markets.

Consols closed at 90¾ a 91¼.

The Hon Anson Burlingame, our Minister to China, had arrived at Canton, and was well received.

Placards had been posted in the streets at Hong Kong, threatening the extirpation of all Europeans.

Great excitement prevails at Lisbon, and the body of the King is to be disinterred.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5th.

All the officers connected with the Burnside Expedition, have now gone forward to Annapolis. The Quartermaster left on Saturday, and he remarked as he went off in the cars, that those who did not report themselves at Annapolis on Sunday night, would be left behind; also, that the expedition would "strike" a certain point in the Old Dominion, within twenty-four hours after it sailed. You can draw your own inferences.

The old Board of Councilmen terminated their official existence on Saturday. "Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving it." As usual, a great deal of money was voted away, without a why or wherefore, to sundry political favorites, including $775 to Broad Way daguerreotypist, for photographing complimentary resolutions to ex Alderman Peck! On Monday the new municipal government was inaugurated with the customary ceremonies. Mayor Opdyke's message is looked for with not a little interest.

General James Shields, who arrived from California on Saturday, has accepted the command of the Irish Brigade. He will report at Washington in the course of the week.

A report was current on Saturday that Gen. Scott was very ill, but it was destitute of truth. The General was well enough this forenoon to be in his pew at the Church of the Ascension.

It is estimated that no fewer than fifty thousand persons were skating on the Central Park Pond on Saturday, of whom some ten thousand were ladies.

It is impossible, as yet, to ascertain the precise number of deaths in this city during the year. Sufficient is known, however, to show a decrease of nearly 1000, as compared with the mortality of the previous year. The estimate is about 21,700. The number of marriages and births registered varies but little from last year.

In accordance to instructions from Washington, Wm. M. Atell and B. L. Hayden were released from Fort Lafayette on Friday, on taking the oath of allegiance and entering into conditions not to serve against the United States in any civil or military capacity.

Experiments, intended to test the efficiency and strength of the Stevens Floating Battery, were made on the 4th, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, in the presence of several prominent gentlemen, among whom were Commodore Stringham, Mayor Opdyke, Gen. Benham, and others connected with the army and navy.

A target, representing a section of the battery, was placed in the water at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the platform on which the guns, one 10-inch columbiad and one Parrott rifled cannon, were mounted.

The first shot was from the Columbiad, carrying a ball weighing 120 pounds. Striking the target, it made an indentation of one inch and a half in the iron, and then glanced off. Another shot made an indention of one inch and five-eighths. The Parrot gun was then used, but on account of its conical form the ball had less effect than the round one.

The "Naugatuck," the gun-boat built on the model of the large battery, was several times successfully submerged and turned around in a distance not exceeding her own length.

After the trial the party proceeded to the residence of Mr. Stevens, at Castle Point, where they were entertained in a sumptuous manner, and the remainder of the day in speech making, &c.

The shipments of specie for the week amount to $1?,141, the greater proportion of which went, by the Edinburg, yesterday, for Liverpool—as follows:—Sovereigns, $16,220; gold bars, $197,788; American gold, $62,767; gold and silver, 3116,200.

Payments at the Sub-Treasury, $1,012,168 12; receipts, $553 614 27; balance, $5,617,741 43.

The following were the closing prices at 3½ P. M.:

	Off'd.	Ask'd.		Off'd.	Ask'd
U.S. 6s '81 reg	86¾	87	Harlem pref	31¾	32
U.S. 6s '81 coup	88¾	89	Reading R R	36	36¾
Tenn St 6s	42¾	43	Mich Cen	49¾	50
Virginia 6s	49	49½	Mil S & NRR	20½	21
Missouri 6s

[THE following eloquent poem, in praise of those who give to the poor, we hope will serve, at this inclement season, to awaken a spirit of emulation among the benevolent. There are, indeed, at this time many sufferers who need a helping hand, and whose mute appeals should not pass unregarded. The charity which begins at home is at best but another phase of selfishness, that which extends to the poorer neighbor does honor to humanity, and is worthy to be celebrated in immortal verse.]

[From the Baltimore Patriot.]

PÆAN.

BY IBO T. HEYEN.

All hail! all hail! whose praise shall I,
This winter morning, sing?
The praise of wealth, of heraldry,
Of warrior, bard, or king?
No, no! I leave the task to those
Who ponder volumes o'er;
I sing the friend of human woes
The man who helps the poor.

All hail! all hail! My muse shall not,
With sonorous acclaim
The pride of station, world-begot,
In coy obeisance name;
I laud the unpretending man,
Who passes near my door,
Who lessens anguish, while he can,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No Latin phrase,
Nor euphonies of Greek,
Nor contents of Athenæ' vase,
My poising thoughts shall seek,
To raise the prompter of mankind,
The man of simple lore,
Who sees and spares the phrenzied mind,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! a l hail! Shall I reflect
Upon the laurel wreath
That crowns the brow of in'ellect,
Glist'ning in honor's breath?
Nay, be the humble one my theme,
Who has the fame in store,
Compassion's impulse to redeem,
In giving to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Like choral chime,
Beneath the minster's roof,
His praise shall fill the arks of time
Who gilds the mourner's woof;
His praise the echoing skies return,
When life's great chase is o'er,
Who raises those that weep and mourn,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No clarion voice
My song of triumph hath,
To sound the victor's paltry choice,
Who lives o'er lickle breath;
I sing of one who treads unseen,
Misfortune's sunless floor—
Who steps his God and wo between
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! The trumpet peal
That lauds the worldly great,
My humble verse shall not reveal,
Nor fame's translucent state;
I shout the praise of him who hies
The sinking to restore—
Who soothes his brother's miseries,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No deities
Of Thessaly or Rome
Shall hover where but human ties
Engage in "kingdom come;"
I sing the psalm of life for him
Whose charities deploy
The weak and blind, the vista dim,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Like matin bells,
Sweet music of the morn,
The melody of mercy tells,
To heavenly courts up-borne,
Where he, the friend of man, has stood.
Ungirt with worldly lore,
To bless the earth's great brotherhood
In giving to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Though here no arch
Of tapestry and gold,
Though star, nor crown, the giver's march
In glaring lights unfold,
He walks the pave of courts divine,
If Christian, Heath, or Moor;
Who bids the sun of comfort shine,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Whose praise shall I
This wintry morning sing?
My lute is yearning to reply,
In Sabbath offering
I sing the praise of him who gives,
His Maker to adore,
Who giving here, for heaven lives,
The man who helps the poor.

THE FARMER.

☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

STRAW AS A MATERIAL FOR BEEHIVES.

Straw as a material for beehives seems to have been formerly in much more general use than at present. Bees then seemed to prosper with little or no care on the part of the owner; indeed many, deterred by superstitious notions, have presumed to invert a stock even for examination, but allowed it to take its chance nearly or quite as undisturbed as if buried in the depths of the forest. How bees could thus subsist, swarming and multiplying their numbers in defiance of the external foes and internal tendencies to disease with which they have ever to contend, I presume may be explained in part, at least, by attributing their prosperity to the straw hive thus employed.

Waiving this question, however, for the present, it is acknowledged, I believe, by the leading apiarians of the country, that if straw could be advantageously applied, no other available material would surpass it. Says the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, on page 331, of his "Hive and Honey Bee:" "Straw hives have been used for ages, and are warm in winter and cool in summer. The difficulty of making them take and retain the proper shape for improved bee-keeping, is an insuperable objection to their use. Mr. M. Quinby gives his experience as follows: "A few years since, in connection with a partner, I bought twenty-two straw hives. These, with forty made of wood, equally as good in respect to the number of bees and stores, were placed in one yard. As the swarming season approaches, the straw hives indicated the strongest colonies. The first five swarms were from these hives; and when seventeen had issued thirteen had come from them. All sent out swarms but two, several of them two or three, while full one-third of the wood hives failed to swarm at all through the season. Here was an advantage in swarming greatly in favor of straw hives. We kept some of these hives several years, which continued to maintain, in this respect, their superiority. Since our trial of them, I have inquired of many who have had them in use, and all testify to their early swarming. I think it would be safe to give eight or ten days, at least, as the average time that these will swarm before others."

The superior value of early swarms will be questioned. As swarming generally takes place in the height of the honey harvest, when a strong colony will often collect three pounds per day, it follows that a gain of ten days in time is equivalent to twenty-five or thirty pounds of honey, which is again virtually equivalent to nearly as much in the surplus boxes to be put on after the hive is filled.

The above testimony to the value of straw hives in actual use goes far to confirm the plain conclusions of common sense. One would naturally suppose it very desirable to obtain as a material for beehives a non-conductor of heat. When bees are wintered in the open air, and in hives of wood, it often happens that many are lost by a sudden change of weather from warm to cold. The bees having spread themselves over the combs while the weather continued mild, are overtaken by the instant chill, which is quickly felt in a wood hive, and failing to follow the rapidly contracting clusier, are soon frozen. In spring also, after breeding has commenced, sudden changes of temperature cannot be otherwise than exceedingly detrimental. To-day being warm and plesant, the solid wood rapidly conducting the heat, the bees are aroused from their long inactivity, accumulated filth is removed, the queen deposits eggs, and preparations are made for extensive breeding. But to-morrow the wind sweeps down from the pole, laden, perhaps, with storms of snow, and they are obliged to abandon their premature work. When, in a similar case, mild weather continues for several days, matters are of course in a state of much greater forwardness. Larvæ may be considerably advanced, and if now left by the bees must cerainly perish. Foul brood, that most fatal scourge of the modern apiary, may not unlikely sometimes originate in this manner. It is important to understand how a hive made of a non-conductor of heat would tend to obviate these evils. It would nip them in the bud, for the bees in such a hive would not be aroused to any unseasonable activity. Such a hive, too, would prevent the melting down of the combs in summer—an accident with which most bee keepers are familiar to their cost, and sadly disastrous when it occurs; for it not only injures or destroys the stock in which it happens, but sometimes leads to universal fighting and robbing in the apiary. Such a hive, also by retaining the heat generated by the bees, would probably enable the workers to continue their labors in the surplus honey-boxes at times when the cold would stop them in an ordinary hive of wood. It often happens, when the nights are chilly in the honey season, that the boxes are abandoned and work in them suspended for several hours, evidently from this cause alone.

Attempts have been made to secure these advantages of the straw hive by making double, instead of single walls of wood, by this means including an air-space and securing an even temperature. But there are serious objections to these. First, they cost too much; and second, the material does not absorb the moisture like straw, making it necessary to ventilate the hive in such a manner as to waste much needed warmth. In fact, bees in straw hives were kept last winter, without any special upward ventilation, where those in wood, in all probability, would have badly moulded or suffered much from frost. The only explanation of this fact is, that the straw acted as an absorbent of the moisture that must usually be allowed to escape through special vents.

With respect to the early swarming of bees in these hives, I think it may be explained by the earlier, more uninterrupted and rapid breeding in spring which straw hives permit.

Such being the obvious advantages of straw as a material for bee-hives, I shall endeavor to show in another article that "the difficulty of making them take and retain the proper shape for improved bee keeping, is *not* an insuperable objection to their use." I shall do this by giving a few plain directions for making a straw hive which I have seen in very successful use for the past year. J. W. Q.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WINTER REST OF TREES.

Trees have not an absolute and entire rest during winter. The sap circulates more or less from root to branch during the mild days of the season. If the trunk of a tree is measured in autumn, and again in the spring, it will be found that it has enlarged itself. And yet, relatively to their condition in summer, trees in winter are at rest. They close their annual labors in autumn, some of them early in the season, others later. Some of them show that they are tired of making leaves, and branches, and fruit, even before frost comes. The maple, bass, birch and hickory indicate it about the middle of September, by holding out flags of yellow and red. Others, as the elm and ash, give up work at the first touch of frost. But with what a splendid pomp do these and all the other trees combine to clothe the hills before they lay off their summer drapery and go to rest! This, their last, is the most brilliant performance of the year. It would seem that they did this on purpose that the world might deeply feel, during the desolations of winter, that it was a serious matter for them to go to sleep. Some other trees, as the oak, willow, poplar, and certain fruit trees, hold their leaves unchanged several weeks after frost, and drop them only in the very teeth of winter. An important part of the last work of all trees for the year is the making of leaf and fruit-buds for the next season. And what a beautiful and wonderful piece of work it is! By a subtle process, best known to themselves, (say, rather known to the God of nature,) the delicate germ is formed around it, small, tender leaves are folded in successive layers, and over all a coat of varnish is laid, making it waterproof, and then this work is done! These buds being formed, and the newly-grown wood matured, so as to endure the cold winter, the leaves rustle to the ground, and the entire summer's work is ended. Trees obviously need this rest; they *must* and *will* have it. Leaves do not fall simply because they are cut off by the chemical action of the frost. They would fall, even if there were no frost. In some cases they drop before frost comes. In our extreme Southern States, and in the region of the tropics, trees have their rest in winter as well as they do in northern countries. The oak, maple, mulberry, peach, &c., cast their leaves and remain dormant during the winter months, although the temperature of the air is as high as it is during much of the summer at the North. Their winter rest is, indeed, shorter than they would have in colder climates; but a season of repose, of considerable length, they always have. The beech shods its leaves in November, and does not send out new ones till April, a rest of about one hundred and fifty days. The palm tree drops its leaves in the middle of October and rests nearly one hundred days. The grape-vine one hundred and sixty days. From facts like these, it appears that many trees which are natives of cold climates, when transplanted in warmer regions, drop their leaves nearly as soon, and rest nearly as long, as in their original localities. Evergreen trees, like. wise have their period of rest, and that in all climates. They do not cast all their leaves at one time, like decidnous trees; they have a short rest in summer and a long one in winter. If we dig up a small tree, or scrub, late in the autumn, and transfer it to a box or pot in a green house, it will not open its buds and grow, until it has taken its annual rest. We may water it ever so abundantly, and surround it with the air of summer, it will still claim its appropriate rest. That rest may be shorter there than it would have been in the open air; the plant may be forced into a premature growth, but it will show plainly that it needs a period of repose, and is reluctant to be disturbed. If stimulated too long it will become sickly, and at length die, thus showing that an important law of nature has been violated. But suffer this to lie dormant for a season, and they will then start into growth at a temperature of 40 degrees, while before such a period of rest they would remain unmoved by a temperature of 60. We may infer from such facts as these, that little harm is to be apprehended to fruit buds from warm weather in the early part of winter. At that time trees have just got fairly settled in their winter quarters, and it will be almost impossible to arouse and call them forth. The violet may wake up and smile at the unexpected kiss of the sun, and certain other plants, originating in warm climates, or of susceptible natures, may shoot forth leaves, but as a general rule, vegetation has lapsed into its wonted slumbers, and will not be disturbed at such an unseasonable hour.

MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MANURES.

There is nothing that so much demands the study of farmers, as the preparation and preservation of manures, and the subject cannot be too often discussed in agricultural journals. It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since agriculture first engaged the attention of scientific men, yet the benefit derived from chemical investigations of soils and manures is incalculable. At the same time it is a stubborn fact that scientific agriculturists—book farmers—have repeatedly built extensive theories upon false premises, and thus led practical men astray. There is nothing remarkable about this, as other sciences have been, and still are, subject to suffer from similar causes. Experiments and investigations are often too hastily conducted, and supposed scientific principles are announced to a too credulous world, which are scattered to the winds by the second sober thought.

Few persons have done more to advance sound agriculurital principles and rational farming, than Baron Liebig; but his theory respecting universal manures, founded partly upon inconclusive experiments, and partly upon fancy, and which, for a time, swayed the agricultural mind, was destined to an early explosion. Subsequent investigations established the important fact that that which renders soils unproductive is not so much the lack of universal substances, as it is the want of nitrogenous compounds. The elements which give muscle and strength to man and beast, also impart productiveness and strength to the soil. It is now known that ammonia is the most common form in which nitrogen is conveyed and found in the soil; but no sooner was this fact established, than scientific men again ran to extremes, and suddenly all upper-tendom of the agricultural world became alarmed lest the ammonia contained in farm yard manure all escape into—into any place but the soil. The old-fashioned, time-honored dunng hill is denounced as almost worthless, and farmers are instructed to mix muck, charcoal, plaster, copperas, sulphuric acid, &c., with their manures, and then *house* them, in order to fix the nitrogenous gases, which seem to possess an extraordinary anxiety to escape. Practical farmers were thus induced to spend large sums of money for expensive chemicals, and in the construction of barn cellars. It is true that the substances thus mixed with the manures, and conveyed to the fields, are a valuable addition to the soil; the muck upon which the horses and cattle are bedded, is an excellent absorbent of the liquids which pass from the animals, and which would otherwise, to a great extent, be lost; and the muck itself, consisting of decaying vegetables, is a prime application for the land; and it must farther be confessed, the substances above enumerated arrest, to great extent, the ammonia and other gases which escape from animal exuvia, and thus purify the air, and insure the health of the living beings that breathe it. But the quantity of ammonia which, by these various processes, is *fixed* in the manures, amounts to little more than *moonshine*, and the practice of piling the manure under the floor upon which the animals stand, is productive of the most destructive effects upon the health of the occupants of the barn. I look upon barn cellars, used for the preservation of manures, as an unmitigated nuisance. Manure, too, decomposes better when exposed to sunshine and rain, as heat and moisture are necessary to insure its proper fermentation. If mixed with a reasonable quantity of muck, or straw, or other course vegetable matter, only small quantities of gas will be lost; and if no more rain water is allowed to combine with it than that which comes straight down from above, (that is, if water does not run into the manure from the roofs of the buildings, and from the adjoining elevations,) the process is just what nature demands. These are not idle speculations, but the conclusions at which science has now arrived. It is not theory alone, but theory compared with, and established by practice and experience. PHIL. ANTH. ROPY.

Kosciusko Co., Indiana, Dec., 1861.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

As secession has cut off our usual supply of sugar, and as a consequence it is rapidly advancing in price, and as it may be some time before trade is resumed with the sugar producing States of the Union, would it not be best for any farmer who has sugar maple trees, to devote particular attention the coming spring to produce as much maple sugar as possible?

Almost every one knows how to make maple sugar; but it would seem from the quality of most that we find in market, that few know how to make it *right*, or if they know how, they are too careless, or too lazy to take the necessary pains. How often do we see in use old sap troughs that have lain the whole year beneath the trees, right side up, to catch the rain and dirt, and half decayed; the sap is caught in these, no care is taken in boiling to prevent scorching, and the product is a dirty, black and bitter article, unworthy the name of sugar.

Tap the trees with a half-inch augur, put in spiles of elder, and catch the sap in clean buckets or crocks; gather the sap into clean barrels or tubs, and boil it immediately down to good syrup, then strain it into a sound oak barrel, in which allow it to stand over night, by which time it will settle perfectly clear without the use of eggs, milk, or any such article in boiling. Place a faucet in the barrel, three inches from the bottom, through which the clear syrup can be drawn off without disturbing the sediment. Draw it off, and boil over a brisk fire till (or dropping some of the syrup into cold water) it will break like glass, then dip it into wooden trays to cool, and when it is grained stir it briskly and break the lumps. By this method sugar can be made as white as the best New Orleans or Havana, and will command the highest price in market. The best pans or kettles for making sugar are shallow, and made of sheet-iron; they should be set in an arch or furnace of brick and stone, that will stand fire. The great secret in making good maple sugar is to have everything neat and clean, and perform the work with activity and care.

Ohio, Dec., 1861. BUCKEYE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

DRESSING GEESE FOR MARKET.—Cut their heads off, leaving their necks as long as possible. Then draw the skin down over the bone, and tie it there tightly with a string. Dip them into water that is scalding hot, but not boiling, and hold them there until you can easily remove the feathers, but be careful not to scald them too much, or the skin will come off with the feathers. When you take them out hold them up by the neck and wipe them downwards with a cloth, until you can remove no more water in that way. Then pick off all the feathers: do not leave them half picked. Afterward take clean soapsuds and a cloth and wash them well. After washing dip them into boiling water and immediately into cold, to make them look plump. Lay them away, back up, until entirely cold. Then cut their necks off close to the string, and they are ready for market.

TO MAKE COOKIES.—Bake one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour sufficient to make it stiff enough to roll out. Spice to your taste.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Sift the cream of tartar and saleratus with the flour. Beat up the eggs, the whites and the yolks separately; add the salt and sugar to the yolks, then add the whites and the flour immediately. Bake in a quick oven. X. Y. Z.

December, 1861.

FROST PUDDING.—One cup of rice boiled in water until soft; then add one pint of milk, the yolks of six eggs. Salt to the taste. Then put into the dish in which you are to bake it a piece of butter the size of an egg, then add the rice. Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth; stir into it 1½ cups of white sugar, flavor with anything you choose. Bake the pudding till nearly done, then spread the froth over the top and bake ten or fifteen minutes. S. O. P.

A NEW COFFEE.—The Japan Pea, sometimes called the California Pea, is a much better substitute for coffee than the ordinary pea or bean. When browned lightly it resembles in taste the groundnut—not peanut. I doubt whether we can find a cheaper and more nutritious coffee in this country. D. B. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

TANNING SKINS WITH THE FUR ON.—*Chenango County, N. Y.*—Please give in the "Newspaper" the best method of tanning skins with the fur on, so as to make the leather durable and limber? A speedy answer would be very desirable to one in particular, perhaps many.

H. D. R.

CHEESE WITHOUT RENNET.—*Clinton, Michigan.*—Do any of the numerous subscribers to the "Newspaper" know how to make cheese without rennet? If so, please inform a subscriber of the "Newspaper," and oblige L. P. W.

WAS IT NOT DESTINY?

A STORY OF LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER PHILADA,

BY J. BUNTING.

[CONCLUDED.]

Since that summer afternoon in the park, Eugene Landor had renewed his acquaintance with me; he had seen me more and more frequently until we had become intimate. I had strengthened in my mind one truth that I had always felt concerning him—that he was still, through all his coldness, heart-bound to his lost love. And he, in spite of my efforts, had certainly discovered my affection for him. And the kinder and more tender his manner became, of course the more painful it was to me.

It was on these thoughts my mind rested on this night of which I am speaking. I was unhappy. Had I been a star in society, I might perhaps have found some object on which to fix my attention and draw it away from the wound which rankled and grew more serious, as it seemed, from constant irritation. But I did not find that charm which others feel in the maze of fashionable enjoyment. One thing, fashionable circles at D—— were not of the highest perfection, and I could not mingle with them on that feeling of mental equality which is always necessary to the actual enjoyment of the social compact.

These feelings floated through my mind that night, as I sat out on the lawn. Very hazy and uncertain they seemed to me; very much mingled among themselves. I gathered no strength from such self-questioning—it rather weakened me. But the stream was without a tide. All its waves beat on the same shore—all the objects on the surface floated listlessly in one direction.

The night had deepened yet more, and the moon's light grew more mellow and suffused a tenderer glow on the dark firs that were bathed in its rays. I rose to enter the house, for the dews were falling heavily. I had not moved, however, before I heard the well-known light step rustling on the gravel walk, and, directly after, Eugene emerged from the shadow of a Norway fir and stepped up to my side. He stood a moment before me in the silver light, and I saw that some purpose was forming itself in his mind. He did not greet me with conventional phrases; but, after a moment's pause, he took my hand, and spoke:

"Forgive me, Agatha, if I make you a confession. I am going to offer you my hand and heart; and such affection as I have shall be yours, if you wish. You are the best judge whether what is left is worth having; but, after what you have already known of a former attachment, I felt it right to say something more than the mere offer of my hand. I have been selfishly seeking to live without love, which is a folly. I feel that your love will be of use to me, if you are willing to bestow it. That I can love you as you deserve, I dare not promise. I have become such a ruin that I would not offer myself to any but you, who have been my friend, and who can be the judge of what I am. My love will not be that which the romantic poets sing; but perchance the stream, by moving the more slowly may prove the less turbid. Let me, then, ask you, Agatha, if I may retain this hand which I hold, as my own?"

There was a pause. In all the great events of my life, I have found that the more I trusted to the influence of the moment of trial, the less likely have I been to be misdirected. And I have since felt, when I have dwelt on this turning point of my life, that if I had pondered for weeks over my answer, I should have reasoned myself into a less happy course than what I saw right in that brief moment to pursue. The only man I had ever loved was before me with an offer, which, under most circumstances, I should have accepted as the most precious which Heaven could have vouchsafed to bestow on me. And yet I saw one dread truth through it all. He did not love me as a husband should love. He had divined the secret passion of my soul, and deemed that he owed what reparation was in his power, in return. I might pass through life with him calmly, quietly; but with long years of future devotion I knew I could never win that heart to be wholly my own, and hence I could not be happy. My mind was made up.

"I do not withdraw my hand," I replied, "but you must retain it only as a friend. It would be vain folly for either you or I to cast into oblivion that love, the influence of which I have been permitted to see. It would but increase and embitter the affection which you feel for another, to feel that bonds had interposed by your consent between her and yourself; and it would but foster doubts in my mind which, however unworthy of you, I still could not control. But as friend to friend, you and I can do much good to each other. Let us be willing to follow out the course which is marked out for us, withersoever it may lead. Are you willing to do this?"

I said naught to him of that love which lay there like a bird which has been rebuked, trembling and fluttering. I was playing a part; I felt that I was doing what was right, and yet, so averse was it to my human feeling, that had I not hastened to say all, I should have failed, and dropped my aching head on that hand which still held mine, quietly, but firmly. I had striven to speak with that matter-of-fact air of which Landor was such perfect master, and when he spoke again I felt that, for the time, I had succeeded.

He raised the hand he held to his lips, and replied:

"Let this seal the bond of our friendship.—Having known the secret of my life, I feel a confidence in you. I am glad that you have known what is past, for it will give me a confidential friend in the future. It is not merely one phase of life that manhood has in which to act its part. If we fail in one sphere, there are others left in which we can act. You can perhaps be more useful to me as a friend, than I could to you as a husband. But let that pass. Strange it is, that you whom I met first under such commonplace circumstances, should prove in the end so useful to me."

"Ah!" I replied, pressing my hand silently on my tired heart, "Are we not marked out for peculiar providences? WAS IT NOT DESTINY?"

It was with hesitation I spoke. The idea had often drearily haunted me, and yet I knew not how he might regard it; and I felt startled when I had spoken thus.

With almost seraphic countenance Landor's noble face beamed upon me when he answered, and the words were not his own:

"'In the ocean of the universe, O seeker! study the law of the tides, and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over all—Fate, that dread phantom, shall vanish from Creation, and Providence alone be visible in Heaven and on Earth!'"

The words penetrated me like an arrow of light. A mist seemed cleared from my gaze. I turned into my heart and said, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Though the waters that touch the brim seem gall and wormwood, yet may I not drink below the surface and see if the fennel hath not reserved its bitterness for the brim."

I turned to Landor with a smile, and replied: "We have said enough; the compact is sealed; let us go in."

The moon had gone down, and the dark firs cast no shadow through the deeper shade of night. But I strove to feel that an inward light was burning to guide me onward. I strove to thing that I could one day realize a great victory over my passions, and become calm like the spirit of *my friend*.

And so I armed myself and went out into the thick of the battle. And so I did all I could to change the love, which is a gift of nature, into the friendship which is a gift of art. But it seemed as if it were not possible yet for me to know peace and calm. It was a torture for me to see Landor. I dreaded to meet him. It seemed as if he came to mock me, with calm brow and his steady voice. I had thought to be so like him, to be able to bury up all softer feelings; and behold how soon I came to a pause! And he, with his steadfast gaze, seemed to pierce through it all, and seeking, like a good angel, to fill up with his own ruin the crumbling structure of what he saw seemed doomed to be another, again he threw his offer before me, and begged me to reconsider what I had before said.

Must I pass through the ordeal again? Must I twice cast the cup of joy to the ground, and trample it resolutely beneath my feet! Alas! I still knew that Eugene Landor loved another. I dare not touch that hand again. I drew away from the light of those eyes. It burned to my soul. I shrank from him. I covered my eyes with my hands, seeking to shut him from me.

Very softly, very solemnly, the next words seemed to flow in on my soul, and looking back through all the seasons since then, I seem to doubt now as I did then, whether it was the voice of Eugene Landor, or the spirit of the love of God touching my heart's cords till they thrilled in unison like the strings of harps, "It is expedient that I go away. For if I go not away the Comforter will not come; but when I depart, I will pray the Father to send you another Comforter—even the spirit of peace which proceedeth from the Father! Agatha! noble Agatha! farewell."

Not the sound of a footfall fell on the gravel; not the motion of a heavy bough stirred the silent air. But I felt, while my eyes were still unclosed, that a presence—a glorious presence—had departed; that henceforth I was indeed alone, in the flesh, as I had been in the spirit. Down into my heart fell the shadow, not of night, but of yearning to be free from the trammels of earth.

But by degrees the yearning grew to be a patient one, Eugene had read aright what was best. I saw him no more. I heard naught concerning him; but the torture of his presence was felt no longer. Now that I saw him no more, I was better able to wear the calm demeanor for which I had so long sought.

But I will rouse myself from these recollections and close out for you this record. Landor went away, suddenly, mysteriously, as he had come on the day I first saw him passing Flora's window. It was bright, beautiful spring when he went away, leaving me under the old firs as I have said.

During my acquaintance with him, the health of Eugene had been evidently failing. The form, always slight, though hitherto symmetrical, had already began to waste, and the face, once round and full, was thinner and more sallow. But his personal attractions, I think, improved by the change. Indeed, I have heard it remarked that this insidious disease lends grace to the frame which it is preparing to destroy. Do you not remember how Lord Byron in his youth wished that he might die of consumption, that he might look more interesting in dying.

But this digression is out of place here. There is but one more connection between this record and Eugene Landor, and I would hasten to close it forever.

Two years have passed. I have been advised by my physician to repair to a more southern climate, to remove the ravages which a serious illness had made. I am standing beneath a Georgian sun, and far around me stretch the plantations of cane and cotton. In the distance the long rows of slaves are at their labor. Near at hand is a picturesque church from which a bell is sounding over the fields its mournful cadence—mournful—for a few bystanders have remarked in my hearing that a funeral was to take place—a stranger's funeral! I, too, was a stranger. I saw but one or two gather round the sacred portal. Why should I not pay the last tribute to some fellow traveller. I entered the church. The body was already laid on the altar. I seated myself in silence. The minister rose up in his robes to perform the last office. He saw fit, before repeating the service for the dead, to mention some facts connected with the death of the stranger. "He was a man," said he, "of rare talents, who had stopped here endeavoring to recruit his health. But disease had taken too firm a grasp, and the form of the gifted man was in a few weeks stiff in death. He has passed away, among strangers; but I know not that he has friends; but the unfortunate find friends in all places. Kind hands administered to his wants; tender fingers closed his eyes when the spirit of *Eugene Landor* passed away in peace!"

Did I swoon when I heard that name? No; two years ago I would have fallen, fainting on that pale form, which now lay uncovered in the sacred place—that strange stillness—so much quieter than sleep—which tells that the form shall move no more. But much sorrow had brought something of patience, something of calm. I looked down into that glorious face. Now, indeed, I might love him; now I was no rival of the unknown Florence—for *all* may love the *dead*.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The words sounded dimly and afar off. The few persons who had been in attendance went out again. I bent down over the coffin and kissed for the first and last time, the dear lips of the dead. And then the grand face was covered. The body was lifted up and borne out to the grave under the trees, which should henceforth in summer and in winter, in sun and in storm, bend down over the dead with sighing voices; and the same rays that yesterday were gilding the pillars of the Parthenon, and playing over the grave of an empire, were now bathing the grave of what had once held a mightier than all empires—the soul of a great man. The birds were singing in the warm air, and this was the funeral hymn of Eugene Landor. Not in dreary vaults of stone, amid darkness and the odor of decay, was the form laid to rest; but the spot was filled with the fragrance of everlasting bloom; and radiant with the richness of perpetual spring.

Not long did I tarry on that green spot of earth. I found out the minister and learned from him some particulars of Eugene's last days, but he could tell me nothing of friends or connections, and I know not yet whether the unknown Florence ever received news of the death of one so dear to her.

I hastened again home to D—— I am content now; it is no longer monotonous to me. Time has glided by. Things have changed greatly. Flora Clare has been long married and happy. My mother has passed away on her travels to another world. And I—I have grown calm now as I once so sought to be; *not through the efforts of human Will, but through steadfast Faith in the justice of all Creation's laws.*

The body of Eugene Landor has lain long at rest. The soul it is not ours to question where. But the mind—that lives on earth after the body has passed into dust, and that labors on, untiring, age after age; the mind of Landor still has its great work to perform. I have many volumes in my hands that shall one day open the fruits of his labors to the world, and thus fulfil the mission of all intellect; to improve the hearts of men, and ripen their understandings, with voices silent yet full of wisdom, teaching them rich truths, and leading them by pleasant upward paths, that grow brighter and brighter into the perfect day.

SENSIBLE.

Jane Eyre says: I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay, cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS DEAD BRIDE.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

If in the fight my arm was strong
And forced my foes to yie'd,
If conquering and unhurt I came
Back from the battle-field—
It is because thy prayers have been
My safeguard and my shield.

My comrades smile to see my arm
Spare or protect a foe,
They think thy gentle pleading voice
Was silenced long ago:
But pity and compassion, love,
Were taught me first by wo.

And if my heart is once more calm,
My step is once more free,
It is because each hour I feel
Thou prayest still for me;
Because no fate or change can come
Between my soul and thee.

Thy heart, my own, still beats in heaven
With the same love divine
That made thee stoop to such a soul,
So hard, so stern, as mine—
My eyes have learnt to weep, beloved,
Since last they looked on thine.

I hear thee murmur words of peace
Through the dim midnight air,
And a calm falls from the angel stars
And soothes my great despair—
The heavens themselves look brighter, love,
Since thy sweet soul is there.

It is because my heart is stilled,
Not broken by despair,
Because I see the grave is bright,
And death itself is fair—
I dread no more the wrath of heaven—
I have an angel there!

INTERESTING FROM PORT royal.

AN IMPORTANT RECONNOISSANCE WITHIN FIFTEEN MILES OF CHARLESTON—DISPERSION OF A LARGE REBEL FORCE—THE DESPERATE STRAITS OF THE REBELS—SIXTEEN THOUSAND SLAVES WITHOUT MASTERS.

A letter from Hilton Head, dated Dec. 23d, published in the New York Times, gives the following account of affairs at Beaufort:

THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS WANT PLUCK.

The entire coast from Warsaw Sound, forty miles below Port Royal, at least to North Edisto Inlet, forty miles above the same place, is deserted by its white inhabitants; the slaves are, every where practically free; the batteries, which are erected at every point where ingress could be had by an invading force, were undoubtedly all abandoned within a week after the fight at Hilton Head, and the guns removed. This state of affairs exists inwards for a distance at the least of ten miles, and in many places of thirty. Half the cotton houses in this region must have been burned, in a majority of instances by troops, not by their owners. The only places where firing of any importance has occurred against our forces are the Ossabaw Sound, and about seven miles up Warsaw River. At these two places batteries have still been retained. These are both in Georgia, but unless on Stone Inlet, there is no place on the coast of South Carolina below Charleston where the rebel flag yet flaunts. At no place in South Carolina have the rebels showed fight since their defeat on the 7th of November. Beaufort was at once abandoned, and our reconnoitering parties have nowhere encountered an enemy. Bluffton has been approached by the Mayflower, an unarmed ferry-boat, and no gun fired; pickets of the enemy have been driven in, have been captured, but never except in one solitary instance on Port Royal Island fired a musket. A large reconnoissance made last week in gunboats went within fifteen miles in a direct line from Charleston, landed at a town called Rockville, where 500 rebel troops had been posted, but these scampered before the landing was complete, and left their tents, camp equipage, important letters and papers in the hands of our troops, not firing a gun, although their numbers must at least have quadrupled those who were sent ashore; so the original panic seems not at all to have subsided—(an inference.) The slaves have, in various instances, assisted in the capture of their masters, have also several times of late asked to be armed, which have not originally the case. Colonies of them have been established, not only at Hilton Head, but on Otter Island in St. Helena Sound, and at the mouth of Edisto Inlet. At both these places they are protected either by gunboats or by the guns of the batteries put up by the rebels, but now occupied by the Union forces. Schooners belonging to to the rebels have been chased in these inland waters, and captured or burned. The universal story of the negroes is, that the poor whites are unwilling to fight, and certainly there seems an unwillness somewhere. If ever South Carolina desperation is to be manifested, one would think it would be now; they talk in their newspapers and in the private letters I have seen of hoisting the black flag; or neither giving nor asking quarter; but we have taken a number of prisoners, who seemed not averse to submitting to the fate of prisoners of war. They have allowed small parties to venture near them under unfavorable circumstances, without ever making an attempt to cut them off; they have allowed single gunboats to get around and six or seven miles in from the coast, and to lie in this comparatively solitary and defenceless condition all night, and indeed for twenty-four hours, without molesting them; they have not stood when their pickets were approached by small parties on water and in exposed situations. All this may be part of a concerted plan, to induce a feeling of security in the Yankees, but the facts are exactly as I state. *Not a solitary instance of pluck has been manifested by South Carolinians since their defeat.* They shoot their unarmed negroes, and burn their own cotton-houses, but no other example of desperation has yet been afforded.

THE NEGROES AGAINST THEIR MASTERS.

There are now in Beaufort District, alone, I am informed by official personages, nearly 16,000 slaves, whose masters have fled, and Beaufort District is but a small portion of the country at present in our hands. I have accompanied a number of the reconnoissances made in all directions from this post, both by sea and land; have witnessed the operation of the country from Tybee Island on the South, to North Edisto on the North, an extent of at least sixty miles, and have penetrated as far into the interior, on some of these excursions, as our troops have yet gone. Everywhere, I find the same state of things existing; everywhere the rebels hurry in droves to our lines; they crowd in small boats around our ships; they swarm upon our decks: they hurry to our officers, from the cotton-houses of their masters, in an hour or two after our guns are fired. I have talked with drivers and field-hands, with housemaids and coachmen and body-servants, who were apparently as eager to escape as any. I have heard the blacks point out how their masters might be caught, where they were hidden, what were their forces. I have seen them used as guides and pilots. I have been along while they pointed out in what houses stores of arms and ammunition were kept, and where bodies of troops were stationed. In a few hours I have known the information verified. I have asked them about the sentiment of the slave population, and been invariably answered that everywhere it is the same.

THE SLAVES WANT TO BE ARMED.

The slaves not yet escaped, of course, pretend to be faithful, but some have told me how they said to their masters and mistresses on the day of the fight, 'The Yankees will be whipped, Massa and Missus,' but all the while they prayed and believed otherwise. So casual allusions are made in Charleston papers to the fidelity of their "servants," as if it were a matter of course, but there is no labored discussion of a subject too terrible for discussion. As for my own judgment, it may not be worth much—but I came hither prepared to find the negroes attached to their masters, and I have gradually observed a feeling of bitterness displayed by the blacks; at first there was only elation at their own escape; of late this has been mingled with indignation at the insane attempt of the masters to fire on them; I have known of several instances where slaves asked for arms to fire on their own masters, (this was the case with Col. Whitmarsh Seabrook's live stock near Edisto;) I have known where slaves assisted in the capture of their masters; I have sometimes asked myself whether the time might not come when arming the blacks and regularly drilling them as soldiers under white officers, might not prove the only means of averting the odious horrors of a servile insurrection. That time appears to me not to have yet come even here; but it may be nearer than any of us suppose. The blacks fall to plundering as soon as their masters flee, and go by our lines confidently with their arms or their boats laden with plunder; and it is hardly the business of U. S. troops to look after the property of rebels. From pillaging within an hour after the master is gone; from firing on him as soon as he attempts to fly; from assisting in his capture and informing us beforehand of his designs—the step to absolute insurrection is not a wide one. The foolish clamor of radicals at home may as well cease. The day may be near when the worst result that can be apprehended will fall upon the devoted heads of these South Carolinians. Rumors already